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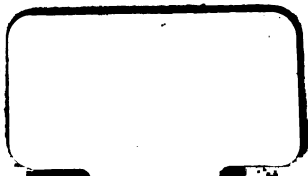


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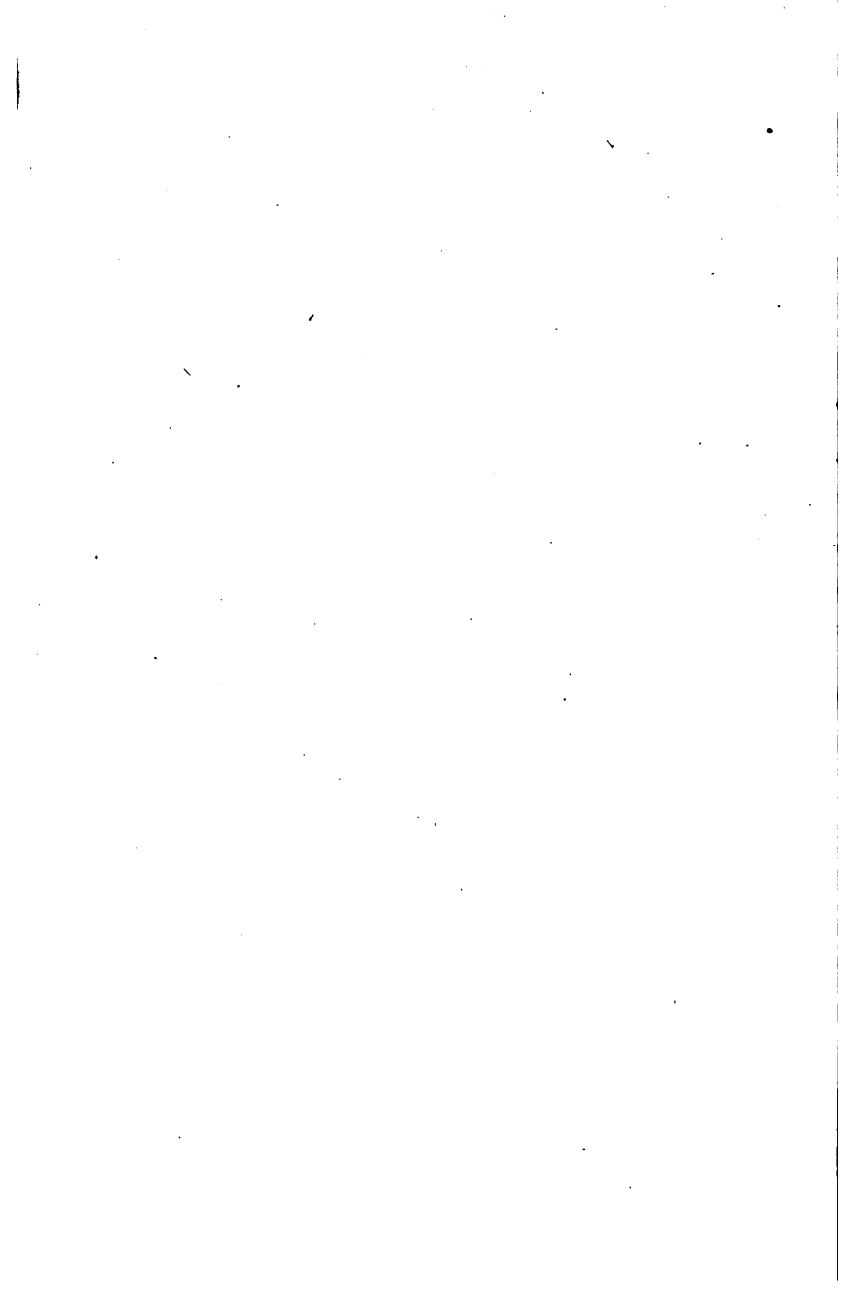
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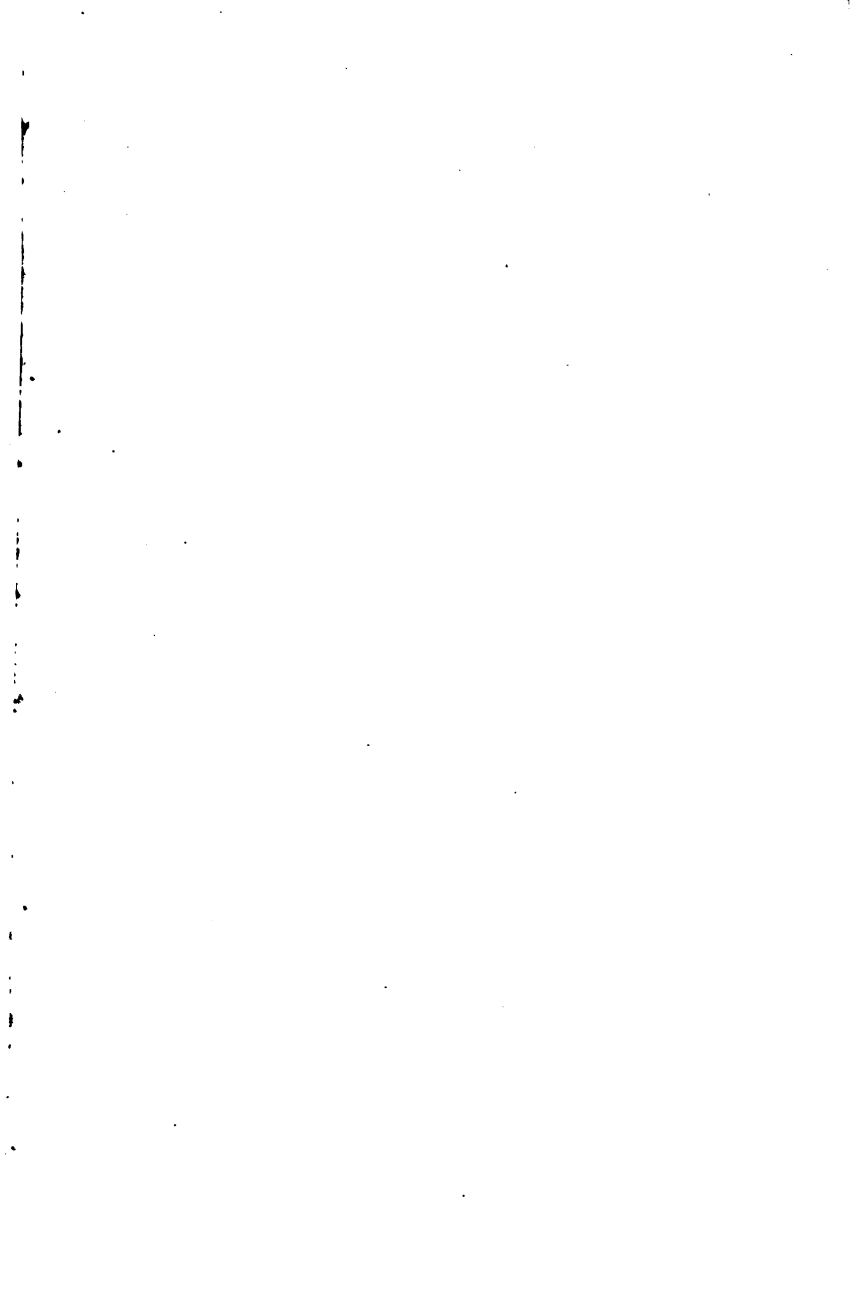
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LETTERS FROM EUROPE

WRITTEN

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1858.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

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P R E F A C E.

The familiar letters in the following pages having been printed in this form, for private circulation among the family connections and personal friends of the writer, no apology for them is necessary. It is proper, however, that some explanation of the circumstances under which they were written and published, should be given.

For some years previous to the spring of 1858, circumstances had thrown upon me an unusual amount of business requiring incessant mental occupation. The effect of this concentrated effort upon my health will be easily understood; and a respite for a short time, with an entire change of habits and occupation was deemed necessary by my physicians.

This advice, being in consonance with a long-cherished wish, the obstacles to its consummation, which seemed specially formidable, at that time were finally overcome, and I left home for a short tour in Europe about the middle of May, with

Mrs. Steele, who accompanied me through the whole journey. Previous to my departure I had arranged with my friend, Samuel F. Pratt, Esq., of this city, to write him regularly during the progress of our tour, and it was also understood that the letters might be published in the "Buffalo Commercial Advertiser," should they be thought worthy of such notoriety.

We arrived in England about the first of June, the season of long days and short nights, thus affording me, with my habits of early rising, a good deal of leisure time before the usual breakfast hour, which leisure time was finally employed in noting down in early morning, the experience of the previous day. This habit enabled me to give our impressions and experience with much more detail than was contemplated, and resulted in a more full and connected journal of our progress than could otherwise have been accomplished. The letters are of the most familiar character, and have perhaps for that reason been received by the readers of the "Commercial" with a degree of favor not at all attributable to their literary merit or originality—the countries described and the routes traveled being those most usually taken by American tourists.

A general desire expressed by a large circle of family friends has induced their preservation in book form; and, with the correction of a few slight verbal inaccuracies, are printed as they were originally written.

To such of our friends as may receive this unpretending book, we have to say, that we hope they will be able to gather from its familiar sketches, some idea of the scenes and incidents of our tour, and appreciate, to some extent, the enjoyment to us which the journey afforded.

BUFFALO, **J**anuary, 1859.

O. G. STEELE.



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LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

LETTER I.

Leave New York—Bad Weather—The “Rolling Forties”—Sea Sickness—Returning Emigrants—Fine Weather—Coast of Ireland—Approach to Liverpool—General Aspect—The “Dingle”—Richard Vaughn—Leave Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, June 4, 1858.

My Dear Sir:

In accordance with your request, I propose to give you some memoranda of our proposed journey in Europe. We left New York on the 20th of May, in the steamer City of Baltimore, a strong and well built ship, of the New York and Liverpool line, with a full cargo and about eighty cabin passengers, including a fair proportion of ladies. The weather was fair when we left the dock, and we went down the harbor handsomely; but before we reached Sandy Hook, the weather changed for the worse, and the Atlantic gave us a rough reception. A heavy rain and a strong wind soon drove all the landsmen below, and the first night on the ocean was most uncomfortable. The weather continued bad for the first week of the voyage, and on the sixth day out, was in the worst possible humor. We were in what the sailors call the “rolling forties,” being a heavy cross sea, the wind high, and the ship rolled and pitched so heavily as to make considerable effort necessary to keep our berths; and locomotion, except to experienced sea-goers, was quite impossible. Altogether, it

was one of the most miserable twenty-four hours we ever experienced. Those who have never experienced the horrors of ocean sea sickness, can have little conception of its miseries. To be compelled to lie prostrate in your close state room, unable to help yourself, a perpetual and usually unsuccessful effort to vomit, a horror of food in any form, and eventually an utter indifference to futurity, are the characteristics of this most distressing condition of the system. Sydney Smith once said, while laboring under great prostration, that "he had not energy enough to stick a Dissenter, if the knife were put in his hand." I think the condition of the witty divine much resembled a person suffering with severe sea-sickness.

After this severe day, the weather gradually moderated, and very soon the whole ship's company were in fine health and spirits, amusing themselves with conversation, games of various kinds, and making themselves generally agreeable. The passengers were of all nations, and from all quarters, and were generally well bred and intelligent people. There were also over two hundred steerage passengers, many of whom were returning to the "old country," having gone out in 1857 in the midst of the financial revulsion; and being unsuccessful, they return, quite disgusted with America.

The last few days of the voyage were beautiful. The sea had gone down, so that it looked like Lake Erie in a gentle breeze, the weather clear and beautiful, and the easy motion of the ship in the long swells of the ocean was quite agreeable. The bad weather of the first part of the voyage had retarded our progress, and it was on the first of June when we caught the first sight of land. This was a dim and distant view of a high pyramidal peak, on the coast of Ireland, and was the object of intense interest during the afternoon of June 1st, assuring us that the next morning would bring us in full

view of the Green Isle. Cape Clear light was passed about midnight, and the morning found us running close in with the land, and nearly opposite Cork.

The city of Cork is situated at the head of a deep cove, on a rising ground, and has a beautiful appearance from the ocean. It certainly did *not* remind us of the locality of the same name on the heel-path of the Erie Canal, below Genesee street.

The shores of the island, after passing Cork, were bold the ground gently undulating, rising gradually from the sea and cultivated to the verge, and to its utmost capacity. The fields looked like a checker-board with unequal squares; not a tree to be seen, and the little diversities of color were very agreeable to the eye after our long voyage.

The next morning found us in the broad sound between the island of Anglesey and the English coast, having taken in a pilot about daylight. We failed to reach the bar in time for the tide, and were detained a considerable time below, during which we were surrounded with a large fleet of every description of vessel, among which were great numbers of the black and dingy looking steam tugs which form so important an element in the navigation of the Mersey.

The approach to Liverpool has been often described. Its great feature is its immense docks, which are said—and truthfully no doubt—to be the most extensive and magnificent in the world, extending along the river full seven miles.

The detail of getting on shore was considerable. All the baggage was arranged in order for the custom house officers, who came on board in a tug. This was done in way little offensive. Every trunk and bag was opened, but a single official look, and a slight rumpling of the contents, were sufficient to satisfy the Queen's officials. We passed off the

steamer very much as usual; took a cab, which, by the way, is a comfortable carriage for four persons, and drove to our lodgings in the eastern part of the city, near Prince's Park.

The general aspect of the city as we passed through its business part, much resembles New York, but the condition of the streets is far superior; the pavements, curbing and sidewalks are the best I ever saw, perfectly uniform in their grades, not an inequality to be seen, and scrupulously clean.

We have spent three days in the city, and have been more pleased than we expected. Commercially, it is all that is claimed for it, and it is in this relation that it is generally considered. We were, however, agreeably surprised at the beauty of the eastern portion. Prince's Park is exceedingly beautiful; it is laid out in fine taste, the walks wide and clean, the trees and shrubbery in perfect order, and the little lake, in which were swans and a great variety of fancy ducks and geese, was exquisitely beautiful. We there saw, for the first time, the hawthorn in full bloom, in all its varieties of white, pink and yellow; being now in full blossom, the beauty and fragrance was most delightful, after so many days at sea. Choice trees and shrubs are growing in all directions, the ground gently rolling, and the lawns so smooth and clean that at a little distance they looked like a carpet of green velvet.

There is also, near by, a glen called the Dingle, which is also exceedingly beautiful. The trees are much larger than in the park, and the shrubbery more profuse, but it is arranged in fine taste, and, like the park, is kept in fine order. The grounds extend to the banks of the Mersey, of which there is a beautiful view. What is most interesting in all this, is the fact that all these beautiful grounds were laid out and improved to their present perfect condition by the liberality of one man, who in his will dedicated it to the public use, with

sufficient funds to keep it at all times in perfect order. He died a short time since, and never was there a more genuine philanthropist than this excellent old gentleman. The name of Richard Vaughn Yates will ever be identified with the city of Liverpool, as one its greatest benefactors.

We leave Liverpool with pleasing recollections of its attractions, and of its people. Our next movement will be a short tour in Wales.

LETTER II.

Trip to Wales—Chester, its old walls—Julius Cæsar's Tower—Old Cathedral—Conway Castle—First Tubular Bridge—Bangor—Slate Quarries, their Discovery by Baron Pennrhyn—Welsh Cottages—Pass of Llanrwst—Capel Curig—Snowdon—Town of Cernarvon—Ruins—Birth Place of first Prince of Wales—"Britannia" Tubular Bridge—Menai Suspension Bridge—Return to Liverpool.

LIVERPOOL, June 8, 1858.

We have just returned from a short trip in Wales. Crossing the river to Birkenhead, which is handsomely situated on the high ground opposite Liverpool, we took the cars for Bangor, the principal town in Wales. The first place of note is the ancient city of Chester, which is well worthy of a visit. It is situated on the river Dee, in a beautiful country, and is one of the best preserved of all old cities. The railway station is very large and well arranged, and its bustle is in striking contrast with the weather-beaten towers of the cathedral and churches, which are in full view. In approaching the city from the station it has all the aspects of an active modern city, and is a place of much more business than we were prepared to see. The streets and shops are much like

all other cities, and it was only when we got upon the old walls and passed upon them all around the old city, that we realized its great antiquity. The walls are in perfect order, and are well flagged upon the top, forming an excellent promenade. We soon came to the castle, which has within it Julius Cæsar's tower, claimed to be the oldest structure in England in good condition. The castle has been much modernized, and is now the great military station and arsenal of the city. On the east corner of the wall is King Charles tower, from the top of which that unfortunate and unworthy monarch beheld the defeat of his army by the Republican forces on Dowton Moor.

Near by is the old cathedral, doubtless one of the oldest structures of the kind in England. The monuments in the church are very interesting. An immense stone tomb is shown, which is claimed, but not confidently, to be that of one of the German emperors,—but how it came there does not appear.

In the vaults below we see the immense piers upon which the building rests, and we could not but admire the skill and science displayed by the old monkish architects.

This feature is very striking to all who view these old buildings for the first time. In all other associations of the olden time, we find the rudeness and absence of perfection which might be expected; but in the construction of the old abbeys, castles and churches, we find the highest perfection of architectural skill, not only in the solid but in the ornamental work. These old architects are totally unknown, but their works have not been exceeded by the most celebrated of modern times, who, like Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren, have secured immortality to their names.

From Chester the road passes along the sea shore through Flint, (where we caught the first view of a ruined castle,)

Holywell, Rhyl and Abergyle, to Conway, where we had a fine view of the grand old ruins of Conway Castle, one of the finest and most extensive in England.

The railway passes directly through the old walls, and parts of it form a portion of the railway station. The contrast afforded, by these old ivy-covered walls, with the new works of modern civilization, is very striking. Here is also the first iron tubular bridge constructed in England. Its ponderous abutments and finished approaches are directly under the wall of the old castle, which looks as though it might some day topple down upon them.

Bangor is the principal depot for the great slate quarries which are near by, and the harbor at Garth, is full of heavy square-looking schooners employed in this trade. Few people have a correct idea of the great extent of the Welsh slate trade. The quarries near Bangor were unknown until about fifty years ago, when the old Baron Penrhyn, the proprietor of the mountain, happened to pick up a piece of the slate, and the idea of its value suggested itself to him. He pursued his investigations, and commenced the construction of works which proved so great a success, that the income now derived by the Penrhyn estate from the mines is about eighty thousand pounds per annum. The number of men employed is more than two thousand; and the village of Bethesda, near the quarries, is entirely made up of miners and their families. The works are on a grand scale, and are conducted in the most scientific manner. The process of getting out and preparing the slate for market is very curious, and the quarries are well worthy of a visit.

We left Bangor in a private carriage, for a trip through the mountains. Passing first the modern castle of Penrhyn and its magnificent park, we spent a little time in the village of

Landeguy, which, with its tasteful little church, was built entirely by Col. Pennant, the present proprietor of Pennrhyn, and is one of the most beautiful spots on this earth. All the cottages are of stone, built in modern English cottage style, but no two precisely alike. All of them are so profusely covered with roses, that the village is very appropriately called the village of roses. All the cottages are occupied by the tenantry of the estate, at a low rent, but with very rigid requirements, as to the order in which the premises shall be kept, as well as general good conduct. The little church is quite an architectural gem, quite large enough for the family and the villagers, for whose use it was built. The approach to it is through a double row of yew trees, the branches of which intermingle so as to form a complete archway, through which the entrance to the church is seen. In the church are the monuments of the Pennrhyn family, and an old monument, the first we have seen, having upon it the effigies of a knight in full armor, and his wife; its history is not definitely known, but it is supposed to be over one thousand years old.

Passing from this charming village toward the mountains, and over the most perfect of roads, we soon found ourselves in the pass of Lannwrst, and began to realize the beautiful and magnificent scenery of North Wales. Every turn of the road brings with it a new variety of mountain scenery, and a constant succession of surprises. At the top of the pass a beautiful little lake lies embosomed among the high mountains, which is a place of great resort in the summer season. We arrived about noon at Capel Curig, a beautiful spot in the mountains, on the borders of a long, irregular lake. The hotel here is a quaint old structure, but kept in excellent order. The grounds are very beautiful, and the lunch provided for us was all that a hungry party could desire.

The view of Snowdon from this point is very fine, and the surrounding mountains, which are scarcely inferior in height, are grand. The road passes along the valley, and through the celebrated pass of Llanberis, which is conceded to be the most magnificent in Wales. The mountains tower up on each side to a height almost painful to the eye, and the infinite variety of peaks and gorges, affords constant enjoyment. The road continues so smooth and perfect, that one Welsh horse of medium size, took along easily our whole party of six and the driver, through the whole journey of forty-two miles, without any apparent fatigue. Of course we took it leisurely, and stopped frequently to view the scenery. The Victoria Hotel is the nearest to Snowdon, and is the usual starting point for those who propose to make the ascension. It is very beautifully situated between the two lakes of Llanberis, and the grounds around it are finely arranged. The old ruins of Donalbern Castle are near by, standing on a bold bluff, as most of these old castles do. It is a large, single round tower, once of great strength, but now a complete ruin. The view of the Snowdon group of mountains from this point is most splendid.

The next point of interest is the town of Caernarvon, situated on the straits of Menai, and quite a large business looking town. The old castle of Caernarvon is on the bank of the river, and is one of the finest specimens of old castle architecture in England. The ruins are well preserved, and the entrance fee charged by the keeper, who occupies a portion of the castle, is claimed to be for the purpose of "keeping it in repair." In the courtyard, and pointing towards the entrance, is one of the large Russian cannon taken at Sebastopol. We went through every part of the castle. The view from the top of the Eagle Tower is very fine, and the whole castle and appurtenances

came quite up to our previous ideas. The castle was built by Edward I. after the final conquest of Wales, as a residence for his queen; and we were shown the small square room, in one of the towers, where the first prince of Wales was born.

The large courtyard was covered with grass, affording fine pasture for sheep, and on the top of one of the towers several goats were browsing among the vegetation with which it was covered.

Our road was now along the bank of the straits, and a few miles brought us to the celebrated Britannia tubular bridge, which is one of the wonders of the world, and the greatest triumph of engineering skill ever achieved. It was built by Robert Stephenson, for the Chester and Holyhead Railroad, and its total cost was about £1,000,000. It has a double track, and is most complete in all its parts. As an example of the power of science and skill, it is an unparalleled achievement, but as a financial investment, it has failed to meet the expectations of shareholders.

A very short distance below is the scarcely less celebrated Menai Suspension Bridge, which is a carriage road only. Nothing can exceed the elegance of this famous structure, as seen from a little distance; it is a sight which would repay a long journey to see the immense, but still light and graceful inverted arches of this beautiful bridge. Both bridges are high enough to admit the passage of ships, and the approaches to them from the high sloping banks of either shore, are on a scale corresponding with the great works themselves. The strength of these bridges is so great, that the passage of the heaviest trains over the Britannia bridge scarcely creates a jar; and the suspension bridge is paved and macadamized like any other road, and in passing over it in a close carriage you would not be conscious of having left the main land.

We returned to our quiet quarters at Bangor, about 10 P. M., before it was yet dark. The length of days in England, at this season of the year, is a surprise to all Americans. The twilight does not fully disappear till full half-past ten, and the darkness scarcely lasts four hours.

A run of three hours brought us back to Liverpool, having passed three days of constant unalloyed enjoyment in North Wales.

LETTER III.

Visit to Birmingham—Novel Display of Warlike Arms—The Queen's Visit—Her Personal Popularity—Acton Park—Enthusiasm of the English Populace.

WALSALL, (near Birmingham) June 15, 1858.

We left Liverpool yesterday for Birmingham, to witness the grand reception of the Queen, which was fixed for this day. The rush was so great that no lodgings could be obtained in the city, and we were obliged to secure them in this town, being some eight miles off. We however passed through the city on the whole line of the proposed procession, and found the preparations on a great scale. Every establishment and every individual appeared to vie with each other in the extent and splendor of the decorations. Flowers formed a large part of the ornaments, and in some streets the buildings were literally covered with them—arranged with great taste, and with a profusion of wreaths from house to house across the street, forming a complete bower of roses. There were several splendid arches, one, in particular, got up by the gun makers, which was composed of guns, bayonets, swords, &c.,

arranged with great skill and beauty. Early in the morning the crowd came pouring into the town, and it was with great difficulty we could get on any sort of a car. After reaching the city we made our way through the crowd to the stand we had engaged the day before, which we succeeded in reaching about ten o'clock. As the Queen would not pass the point till two, P. M., it was a long time to wait in the heat and crowd. The tedium was relieved somewhat by the view of the immense crowd, and the wonderful extent and variety of the decorations in honor of the event. The mottoes and inscriptions were especially interesting, and the desperate efforts at variations in "God Save the Queen," "Welcome Victoria," &c., were very amusing.

Whatever difference of political opinion there may be in England, there is none in regard to the Queen personally, every one speaks of her in terms of affection, and among that great crowd the expression of sincere regard was universal. "She is a dear, good Queen," is a common expression among the people, which we seemingly heard a thousand times in the course of the day.

At length the procession came in sight, headed by a splendid full band on horseback, and a large detachment of cavalry, followed by the local magistrates in carriages, many of them in robes of office—some of which were fantastic enough; three more carriages, filled with all sorts of dignitaries, in full dress, and finally the court carriages, in the last of which was the Queen and Prince Albert; then more cavalry, and finally a miscellaneous string of carriages filled with "distinguished strangers." We had a fair view of the Queen and Prince as they passed. They both resemble the published portraits, except that they are somewhat older, as might be expected.

The expression of the Queen's face was good, and she

appeared much gratified with the enthusiastic reception which she received—Birmingham, by the way, being the most radical city in England; her complexion had that sort of florid tinge, so common among high-fed English people, but on the whole she was better-looking than we had been led to expect.

After the procession had passed, the crowd gradually distributed itself about the city, and in the countless refreshment booths. Eatables were abundant, and oceans of ale, porter and ginger pop were annihilated, but the crowd conducted generally with great decorum.

The great attraction was now Acton Park and Hall, where the Queen was conducted, and an important part of the day's ceremonies was the inauguration, as it was termed, of that place. The building and grounds having been purchased by the city of Birmingham, it is to be kept as a depository for works of art, and especially of the skill and workmanship of Birmingham. The hall and grounds were once the property of James Watt, of steam engine immortality, and his statue is placed in the great hall. The ceremonies at the Hall we were unable to see—tickets a guinea, and scarce at that. We obtained admission into the Park, for two English shillings each, and the investment was decidedly a good one. Large numbers of well-dressed people were in the grounds; and the numerous white refreshment tents, scattered about, covered with streamers and inscriptions, produced a fine effect.

After the ceremonies were over, of which the royal lunch appeared to be the most important item, the Queen and Prince presented themselves on the balcony to the crowd, and were received with enthusiastic cheers. She remained some little time gracefully acknowledging the reception, and retired amid the shouts and waving of handkerchiefs of that great crowd, who all seemed to participate in the enthusiasm of the occasion.

The great band on the lawn, which seemed a small regiment, played "God save the Queen," during the whole of the ceremony, and the effect was exceedingly fine.

Before finally leaving the Hall, the Queen again presented herself, and walked with the Prince down the walk among the people several hundred feet. This mark of condescension was received with the most frantic expressions of delight, as it appeared to have been unexpected. The Royal party then left the Hall, passing through the crowd outside of the Park, to the railway where the state car, or carriage, as it is called, was prepared for her reception. We could hear the shouts of the crowd as she passed, which went up like the roar of a cataract.

Thus ended this great affair, which it was a privilege to see once, but the heat, crowd and press was so great that it would scarcely "pay" for a second infliction. We saw John Bull in his best humor, and must say that he showed his points to great advantage.

We leave to-morrow for Warwick and Stratford on Avon.

LETTER IV.

Warwick — The Castle — Avon River — A Thunder Shower — Stratford — Shakspeare Hotel — Monument to Shakspeare — American appreciation of Shakspeare — Shuttery, the Residence of Anne Hathaway — Antique Furniture — The Shakspeare House — Leeds.

LEEDS, June 18, 1858.

We left Birmingham on the morning of the 16th, and arrived at Warwick about noon. Here we stumbled upon the Queen again, who was to visit Warwick, and not feeling in the humor for another crush of that kind, we stopped at the bridge across the Avon, about a mile from the town, at a neat and quiet tavern, where we got an excellent English lunch. A very neat row boat and civil boatman took us down on the river to the castle, of which we had a splendid view, quite remote from the shouting and revelry of the crowd in the streets of Warwick, which we could distinctly hear, as the Queen was then passing through the streets. Nothing could be more beautiful than that quiet sail on the Avon. To say nothing of the poetic associations connected with it, which pressed upon our memories with wonderful distinctness—the river was exquisitely beautiful, the water clear and smooth as glass; the trees and shrubbery came to the water's edge, overhanging it in many places, forming beautiful arches, under which the boat occasionally glided, the shores lined with wild flowers, all combined to make this little excursion the most interesting we have yet made. Before the ceremonies were over at Warwick, a heavy thunder shower came up, which put an effectual damper upon further out-door proceedings. It lasted but half an hour, but the bedraggled condition of the old town as we passed through it soon after, was ludicrous to behold.

The road to Stratford is extremely beautiful, the foliage most luxuriant, and the cultivation in all directions perfect. The road is the old post road, which has been in use for centuries, and our conveyance the old English post-coach. I succeeded in getting a seat beside the coachman, and never enjoyed a ride more. The distance is about ten miles, and we arrived in good season.

After hastily providing ourselves with quarters in the old Shakspeare Hotel, we proceeded at once to the venerable old church, containing the burial place of, and monument to Shakspeare. It is situated on the banks of the Avon, a little out from the village, and is so quiet and beautiful in all its surroundings, that one feels impressed that it is of all others the spot most appropriate for the burial place of the great bard. We entered the church with a sensation of awe, mingled with intense enjoyment, at the opportunity afforded to tread the floor of the sacred edifice which contains these memorials. We spent an hour in and around the old church, in a state of constant and thrilling excitement. It is not necessary to describe the church; it is familiar to all who read. We found everything as we expected. The stone over his remains, with the quaint inscription so often quoted, the monument in the wall, with the bust made from a cast taken after his death, were the great attractions, and from which we could hardly tear ourselves away. There are other and more expensive monuments in the church, but all interest is concentrated in the one great name which pervades and absorbs all other sensations. We recorded our names in the register, which contained a large proportion of Americans, few of whom visit England without making a pilgrimage to this celebrated spot. The lady-like cicerone said that no class of visitors appeared to have so high an appreciation of the genius

of Shakspeare as the Americans. We lingered about the old church until darkness began to approach, and left it with the same feeling of awe and satisfaction with which we entered.

The quaint old hotel has many memorials of Shakspeare, and over the door of each room was inscribed the title of one of his plays. Our sitting-room was *Othello*, and our sleeping-room, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In the morning we rode to the little village of Shottery, to see the residence of Anne Hathaway, the wife of Shakspeare. The road was excellent, and the narrow lane leading to the village, with its high green hedge, through which the youthful poet had so often passed, was exceedingly beautiful. The old house is well preserved, and is one of the finest specimens of the old English farmhouse of three centuries ago. Its cracked stone floors, heavy oak timbers, immense fire-places, and remains of old furniture are exceedingly interesting. The old settle, called Shakspeare's courting seat, is shown, and certainly looks old enough to have performed that interesting duty. Up the narrow winding stairs we passed to Anne Hathaway's boudoir, which still contains the same old furniture as used by her. The old four-post bedstead, with its high antique back, covered with carving, shows its great antiquity, and it is not worth while to question its authenticity, or that of any other article shown in this way. We next proceeded to the Shakspeare house, now owned by a committee, who are intending to keep it in its original state. The evidence is conclusive, that this is the house in which the poet first saw the light, and as you pass into the old room you feel that it must be so. The room is unoccupied, containing only a few old chairs and a small primitive looking desk. The walls, windows, and every part are covered with inscriptions, few of which can be read, and to which none can be added. The signature of

Walter Scott is pointed out on the windows, and several other distinguished names on the walls, among which that of R. W. Emerson is mentioned as one worthy of special attention. There are few memorials of Shakspeare about the house, and after subscribing our names, and paying a moderate fee, we left the memorable spot.

We intended to stop at Kenilworth on our return to Birmingham, but were prevented by the rain. Poking about old ruins in a pouring rain, is neither poetical or comfortable. We left Birmingham early in the afternoon, and before the long twilight was over, found ourselves in a comfortable hotel in the manufacturing city of Leeds.

LETTER V.

Leeds—Town Hall—Wortley—Fire-clay Brick—Kirkstall Abbey—Its History—York—The Castle—Wm. Penn's Walnut Tree—Museum—Isaac of York—Jeannie Deans—The Goose—York Minster—Church Service—The Grand Organ.

YORK, June 20, 1858.

We arrived here yesterday, after a short ride from Leeds. We found Leeds to be a large manufacturing city, very well built, and, as we find all large English cities, well paved and clean. Long rows of large warehouses meet you at every turn; and the Briggate is a fine street, lined with rich, showy looking shops.

The new Town Hall, not yet quite finished, is one of the finest public buildings we have yet seen in England. It is of the Ionic order of architecture, in a commanding position, and

its chaste style and beautiful proportions, command universal admiration. The great Hall is quite equal to the St. George at Liverpool, which is so much admired, and the large roomy offices for public purposes, are arranged with admirable skill and convenience.

In the afternoon we rode to Wortley, to see some large manufactories of fire-clay works, and were astonished at the magnitude and perfection of this branch of trade. The clay is found under the hills, together with a thin layer of coal, and so valuable has it become, that as high as £400 per acre is paid for the privilege of taking out the fire-clay and coal, leaving the land above wholly undisturbed.

We spent a few hours at the beautiful country-house of a gentleman to whom we had letters, and a more beautiful spot cannot be imagined. The mansion is large, beautifully situated on a commanding eminence, the ground laid out with fine taste, filled with the choicest shrubbery, and the green-house with its profusion of gorgeous flowers, quite enchanting.

Next morning we rode to the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, about two miles from the city. The Abbey is situated on the banks of the Aire, on ground gently rising from the river, and is the most picturesque ruin we have yet seen. These old monks had a fine eye for beautiful localities, all that we have seen having been the best that could be selected. The grounds around are kept in good order, and great care taken that the ruins shall be kept in their present condition. The great chapel, or place of service, is in good condition "barrin" the roof, and exhibits the same wonderful skill in architecture, which we have so often admired in the old ruins.

It was sacked at the outbreak of the English Reformation, and has never been repaired. The walls are covered with a rich growth of ivy, and large trees have grown up inside of

the ruins, showing its great antiquity. The scattering ruins about the main building show that the Abbey must have covered several acres. We clambered upon the old walls, and lingered long about the spot, which was most beautiful in the bright sunshine we were so fortunate to have that morning.

We left Leeds early in the afternoon, and in less than two hours were comfortably quartered in the fine old city of York. Our first visit was to the castle, which stands on high ground near the river. It is of comparative modern construction, containing within the enclosure the city barracks and various public buildings, all in fine order. The chief object of interest is the old castle within the enclosure, which was built by William the Conqueror, and called Clifford's Tower, after its first governor. It is a large round tower of great strength, now in ruins, but well preserved. It is memorable as being the scene of the self-destruction of the Jews, during the terrible persecution in the reign of Richard I. Within the tower is the deep well which supplied the garrison with water, and which has but recently become dry. There is also a large walnut tree, said to have been planted by William Penn, which tradition is implicitly believed by all the Quakers, who form a large portion of the population of York.

Our next visit was to the museum, which is well arranged and very interesting. The greatest feature is the building devoted to antiquities, where are collected the largest number of singular and uncouth specimens of the antique we have yet seen, collected mostly in and about York. The museum grounds are very large, and, as usual, in perfect order. At one extreme are the ruins of St. Leonard's Hospital, and at the other those of St. Mary's Abbey. They are very exten-

sive and picturesque, adding largely to the beauty and interest of the grounds.

The streets of York, like those of all other old cities, are very narrow and crooked, but well paved and clean. The ancient buildings which meet you at every turn, are well preserved, the shops handsome and well filled, and the city wears an appearance of considerable business. In a narrow, obscure street near the gas-works, an ancient, dingy-looking building was pointed out to us, said to have been the residence of Isaac of York, and his beautiful daughter Rebecca. Also in the castle-gate we were shown the inn where Jeannie Deans passed a night on her memorable journey on foot, from Edinburgh to London, to seek the pardon of her unfortunate sister Effie.

Early in the morning we took a long walk on the banks of the Ouse, which are laid out for a public promenade. Now, when the foliage is in full vigor, the walk through its long avenues of trees is very fine.

This being Sunday, we attended service in the famous Minster, and found it to justify its great celebrity. It is the most magnificent cathedral in England, and notwithstanding its great size, is kept in perfect order. The service was held in the great chapel, which forms but a small portion of the stately edifice. The service was performed by two young men, one of whom half read and half sung the opening service in a manner which appeared to us almost ridiculous. The magnificent organ and splendid singing of the large choir of men and boys made ample amends for this drawback. The litany was read, by the other young man, with correctness and great effect. Then the chief priest, whom I took to be the dean, read a portion of the service with the commandments, with much solemnity and apparent fervor. Then followed the ser-

mon by one of the young men — a piece of mere wordy twaddle upon the popular text, "Fear God and honor the King." I could scarcely sit during its delivery, and inwardly wished for some John Knox or Oliver Cromwell to hurl the conceited trifler from the sacred desk. The tones of the grand organ pealed through the noble pile as the congregation separated, and we passed reluctantly into the street. The view of the mighty edifice grows upon you as you gaze upon it, but the effect would be still more grand were it less closely surrounded by the adjoining buildings.

We leave to-morrow for Scotland, by way of Newcastle, Berwick and Melrose.

LETTER VI.

Trip to Scotland—Melrose Abbey—Stone Carving—Abbotsford—Old John Swanston—Relics of Sir Walter Scott—Library—Rob Roy's Gun—The Grand Armory—The Intellectual Power of Genius—Valley of the Tweed—Dryburgh Abbey—The Tomb of Scott.

MELROSE, June 23, 1858.

We arrived here early in the afternoon of the 21st instant, and after an excellent dinner at the quiet "King's Arms," proceeded at once to Melrose Abbey. It is situated in the midst of the little village, and the ruins are in excellent preservation. A very intelligent guide showed us through the grounds, explaining fully all the points of interest. The ruins are not extensive, but very beautiful and picturesque. The charm of association and the genius of Scott have invested the spot with peculiar interest. Like most of the old abbeys, it met its fate at the Reformation. It was built in the eleventh

century, by David I. king of Scotland. Many of its parts are quite perfect, the grand arches, as in all other buildings of that period which we have seen, being the very perfection of architecture. The carving on the stone ornaments is exceedingly beautiful, quite superior to anything we have seen. The strange, grotesque heads of men, women and animals, profusely scattered over all parts of the ruins, are very curious, both as specimens of art, and of the strange conceits of the architects of that period. Altogether, our realization of Melrose quite equaled our anticipations.

The next morning was devoted to Abbotsford. A ride of half an hour over a fine road, brought us to the memorable mansion, the approach to which is from the rear, and by no means impressive. The great number of visitors has made it necessary for the present proprietor to make an approach and entrance, which will give access to the peculiarly "Walter Scott" portion of the house, without interfering with the privacy of the family. We were early, but not so much so as to be the first visitors. A party had preceded us, and the half hour we were kept waiting in the little ante-room seemed an age. Our turn came at last, and we were ushered by old John Swanston, a servant of forty-two years' standing, and fifteen years under Sir Walter himself, first into the study. There stood the cabinet, writing desk and chair, just as he had left them, and around are book-shelves and cabinets, just as he had arranged them—for this was his workshop, and is never disturbed. In an adjoining small room, in a glass case, are the last suit of clothes which he wore. The sensations which crowd upon one familiar with his life and writings, while standing in these rooms and looking upon these memorials of the greatest genius of modern times, are overpowering. To stand in the room where the most splendid monuments of his

genius were created; to look upon the very writing desk where they were committed to paper; to sit down in the very chair he occupied, are events which must be indelibly impressed upon the memory.

We then passed into the great library, containing a large collection of books, and full of memorials of its great founder. A large glass case is full of splendid and rare articles, mostly presented to him, and of great value—a portfolio and a pair of pistols once used by Napoleon, skene-dhu and spleuchan of Rob Roy, snuff-box of Balfour of Burley, and other similar articles, had to us the greatest interest. We next passed into the first room of the armory, which is filled with all manner of fire-arms and other weapons, from all parts of the world. The gun of Rob Roy, the sword of Montrose, and Scott's own fowling-piece, pistols and hunting-gear, were specially interesting. The room has several portraits of his old servants, of whom Tom Purdie, his huntsman, is the favorite.

We were then ushered into the grand armory, the arrangement of which was one of Scott's special delights. It is filled with every variety of ancient armor, all in complete order and admirably arranged. The whole arrangement of the study, library and armory was by Sir Walter himself, and has never been disturbed. In a niche in the great library is the bust of Scott, by Chantry, taken in the full strength of physical and intellectual vigor. You never tire of looking upon it, and in doing so, the figure and spirit of Scott seem to pervade the whole atmosphere, and you almost expect to see him walk into the room and speak to you.

He died at Abbotsford, in September, 1832, broken down by labor, and embarrassed by financial difficulties. At a time of life when he should have been free from all trouble of this sort, he was, by the failure of his bookseller and printers,

involved in liabilities so large as would have overwhelmed any man but himself. His high personal pride refused all compromise, and he set himself to work to pay off this mighty debt, by the exercise of his intellect alone. The field of literature, which had been to him a garden of flowers, now became one of unceasing labor. His labors were unremitting, and his success astonishing. Of that immense liability of near half a million of dollars, nearly the whole was extinguished before his death, and the remainder was realized from his copyrights. Such an exhibition of intellectual power and labor was never before known. But alas! its noble performer sunk under the unparalleled effort. The last few months of his life were passed in a state of helpless imbecility, and he died at the early age of sixty-one. His genius still lives in the whole range of the English language; and here, in the midst of the scenes of his life and profusion of personal memorials, we seem to feel his presence continually. The grounds around the house are in fine order, full of quaint old antiquities, and in one of the enclosures is a statue in kneeling posture, representing Morris imploring his life from Helen McGregor, the scene of which is so graphically described in Rob Roy.

The remainder of this memorable day was spent in the beautiful valley of the Tweed, at the residence of a Scotch born gentleman, who has spent most of his life in active business in America, and has now retired to this charming valley to superintend the education of his children.

The next morning, in company with our hospitable friend, we rode to Dryburgh Abbey, the burial place of Scott. The road on the north side of the Tweed is exceedingly fine. As we rode leisurely along, new views of its charming valley were continually breaking upon us. Upon a high eminence called

Bemerside, the view is surpassingly beautiful. This road was often traveled by Scott, and it was his habit to stop his horse at this point to dwell upon the splendid view. It was related to us, that when the sad funeral procession passed over the road on its way to Dryburgh, his horse stopped as usual at the accustomed spot, and would not proceed until after the usual delay. Truly a most touching incident. From this commanding point, the valley of the Tweed is before you for a distance of twenty miles in either direction. The river winds gracefully through the trees, and the valley with its high cultivation, luxuriant foliage, beautiful residences, and pretty villages, is a scene of beauty which will dwell forever in our memories.

The Abbey is about six miles from Melrose by the road we came. It differs from that Abbey, in being quite secluded from the road, and remote from the haunts of man; were it not the last resting place of Scott, it would rarely be visited. The plain countrywoman, who acted as guide, led us quite a distance through the solitary grounds, before we came in sight of the ruins.

In and out of strange, narrow passages we were led, with monotonous explanations of parts of the ruins as we passed, until we finally stood before the tomb of Scott. It is in one of the old side chapels, the roof of which is in good repair, and the front is protected by a high iron railing, making an enclosure not more than twenty feet square. In this small and obscure place rest the remains of Sir Walter, his wife and son, and of his son-in-law and biographer, J. C. Lockhart. As we stood upon the stone base of the high iron fence, and looked upon the plain tombstone of Walter Scott, it produced a strange and overpowering sensation, which it would be vain to attempt to describe or analyze. Here reposed all that was mortal of

that mighty genius, which had been the wonder and admiration of his own generation, and whose works continue to diffuse equal pleasure and instruction to those who have succeeded them. We had just visited the splendid baronial mansion, which he had erected to perpetuate his name and position as the founder of a great family, and here he rested with nearly the whole of that family around him, his family nearly extinct, his only grandchild*, the daughter of Mr. Lockhart, being married to a Catholic, whose family are now the proprietors and occupants of Abbotsford. What a sad end for the family aspirations of Sir Walter, whose highest ambition was to found a family, which would perpetuate his name and high tory principles to future generations.

We returned to Melrose by the same beautiful road, and most reluctantly brought our short visit to a close.

LETTER VII.

Edinburgh—Monument to Scott—The Canongate—House of John Knox—The Castle—The Regalia—Queen Mary's Room—Mons. Meg—The New Town—Nelson Monument—Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat—Davie Deans' Cottage—Bass Rock—Holyrood Palace—The National Monument—Stirling Castle—Ben Lomond.

STERLING June 24, 1858.

From Melrose a two hours' ride brought us to Edinburgh, where we arrived early in the evening. In the morning we sallied out for sight-seeing. Immediately in front of our hotel on Princess street, is the monument erected by the citizens of

* This grandchild, the wife of Mr. Hope Scott, died in November, 1858.

Edinburgh to Walter Scott, and a truly grand structure it is. It is an open Gothic spire, some two hundred feet in height, elaborately finished, and containing within its lower area, a massive statue of Scott in a sitting posture, with his favorite dog Maida at his feet. The monument has been so often pictured and described, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon it. Coming, as we did, directly from the sequestered and unostentatious burial place of Scott, with its plain tombstone, this magnificent monument afforded a striking contrast. The views from its several galleries are exceedingly beautiful, and the grounds around it finely laid out and kept in excellent order.

We then rode around the city, its peculiar and striking character being, from the numerous views published of it, quite familiar. The drive around Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, called the Queen's Drive, is a beautiful road. The morning being fine, we left the carriage and went to the top of Arthur's Seat. From this elevated spot we had a splendid view of Edinburgh and the surrounding country for full twenty miles. Below was the city of Edinburgh spread before us like a map, the streets and buildings being quite distinct. At the right, and near by, was Salisbury Crag, a bold steep cliff, somewhat resembling East Rock at New Haven. The site of Davie Dean's cottage, the place where poor Effie held her trysting with Robertson, the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, where the interview between Jeannie Deans and Robertson took place, were all pointed out to us, and answered perfectly the description in the Heart of Mid Lothian. Seaward, we had a fine view of Leith, the harbor of Edinburgh; Porto Bello, a fashionable watering place; farther on was Preston Pans, famous for the victory of Charles Edward, and the death of Col. Gardner; beyond this was the Musselburgh sands, and

in the distance the famous Bass Rock, in the German Ocean. In another direction we had Craigmuller Castle, where Queen Mary resided after her return from France; Carberry Hill, where she was abandoned by Bothwell, and, in the background, the Hills of Lammermuir. In another, we had the long range of the Pentland Hills, and, in the distance, the dim outline of the Grampian Hills and the blue peaks of the Highlands. Altogether the view from Arthur's Seat was, on that clear morning, most grand and magnificent.

Holyrood Palace was our next point, but we unfortunately found it occupied by military and freemasons, who were to have a grand celebration in the city, the palace being granted them for the day. The palace is not impressive in its appearance, being situated on low ground, but it is hallowed by association with the beautiful Queen Mary. Here she enjoyed all the pleasure she ever had as a queen, and suffered her greatest misfortunes. The rooms occupied by her, remain in nearly the same position, but the palace having become a sort of favorite with Queen Victoria, has been greatly improved, especially in the surrounding grounds.

We entered the city again by the Canongate, through which famous street the ride was very interesting. It was once the residence of the aristocracy, but is now occupied by swarms of poor people, who fill the tall buildings to the top, frequently seven and eight stories high. Being a gala day, the whole population were out, filling the streets and windows with men, women and children. As we rose the hill, the appearance of the population improved. We passed the old Tolbooth, now used for city offices; and near by was the house of John Knox, the great Scottish reformer, an ancient and venerable looking building. Old St. Giles Church is a fine building in excellent condition, and near this are the old

Parliament Houses, which must have been splendid in their day, and are now used for public offices. We proceeded to the Castle, which we found full of country people, drawn here by the great celebration. With much difficulty we made our way to the room where the ancient regalia is shown by artificial light, and really it was superb. The rooms of Queen Mary are in the same building, and in a small room adjoining she gave birth to James VI., her only son, afterwards the successor to his mother's murderess, the vindictive Queen Elizabeth of England.

The celebrated old cannon, Mons. Meg, is on the highest point of the castle, and is a great pet with the Edinburgh people. The castle is built on a high rock, the peaks of which are still its highest points, but the numerous pictures of it are so common, that description is unnecessary. We rode quite through the new town, and found it almost literally a city of palaces. Whole streets are built after one plan, and the whole seems to have been built about the same time, so uniform are they in style and appearance. Donaldson Hospital is a splendid building, and the old Hospital, built and endowed by the goldsmith of James VI., George Herriot, is a noble monument of individual forethought and liberality.

The crowd in the streets to see the celebration was so great, that we were obliged to give up further riding. I never saw so many freemasons together, nor so general an interest taken in masonic matters. There were said to be four thousand in the procession, officered by the highest nobility in the land. Holyrood Palace was given up to them, the military were out in full force, and a grand salute was fired from the castle. This last, from the immense height of the castle, was truly grand.

Towards evening we walked to the Calton Hill, another

high eminence overlooking the city. On this hill is the Nelson monument, decidedly in the worst taste of anything we have yet seen in this country. It looks like a telegraph station, and appears to be a mere show-house for cameras, &c., &c.

The beginning of the National Monument is there also, in the shape of some dozen marble columns, but will never be finished. There are also very handsome monuments to Dugald Stewart and John Playfair. On the lower ground, not far from the hill, is the monument to Burns, which was very handsome, but appears quite neglected. The statue formerly in it has been removed to the museum. The crowded and dusty condition of the streets, put an end to further movements.

The next morning we took the early train for Stirling, a distance of about thirty miles. On the way we passed the ruined castle of Linlithgow, the birth-place of Queen Mary, Falkirk and Bannockburn, so celebrated in Scottish history, and reached Stirling early in the day. The castle is one of the most celebrated in Scotland. It is situated on a high mountain, perfectly inaccessible, except on one side, and is a grand feature in the otherwise beautiful scenery of the valley of Forth. It was frequently the residence of the court, and the palace is yet in good condition. From the battlements the view is magnificent. The valley itself is quite flat, but in the highest possible cultivation. The windings of the river are wonderful, and beautiful to look at from this high elevation. The Ochill Hills stretch along on the opposite side of the river, and the peaks of Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi and Ben Venue are in full view.

We were shown the Douglass room, where the Douglass was foully murdered, by James II., and his body thrown out of the window. The armory is very extensive, and contains

some curious specimens of ancient fire arms. The hall occupied by the armory was once the chapel, where services were held; and in the corner of the room are the remains of the pulpit occupied by John Knox, when preaching in the chapel. Here James VI. was baptized by him with great pomp, preparatory to succeeding to the crown of England as James I. In this castle, also, the beautiful and unfortunate Mary was crowned Queen of Scotland. It is now a military station, full of raw boy recruits, preparing for the India service, not one in twenty of whom will ever see their native land again.

We have engaged outside seats on the post-coach for the Trossachs, and expect to reach that point this evening.

LETTER VIII.

THE TROSSACHS—Beggars—Castle of Doune—Collantogie Ford—Loch Achray—Pass of the Trossachs—Loch Katrine—Ellen's Isle—Loch Lomond—Rob Roy's Cave—Balloch—Castle of Dumbarton—Glasgow—Old Cathedral—The Streets—Monument to John Knox—Residence of Baillie Nicol Jarvie.

GLASGOW, June 26, 1858.

We took outside seats in the coach from Stirling to the Trossachs, for the purpose of better seeing the country. As the coach was arranged for fourteen outside and six inside passengers, and every seat taken, it looked somewhat dangerous, but the smoothness of the road, and the ease with which the horses took us along, soon re-assured us. We passed through several old-fashioned Scotch villages, and for the first time the coach was followed by swarms of bare-legged gillies screaming for bawbees; the eager scramble for the occasional half-pence

thrown to them was very amusing. The ruins of the old castle of Doune, referred to by Scott as the "bannered Doune," are situated near a village of the same name, where we stopped to change horses.

We soon arrived at the village of Callender, a village much resorted to in summer, situated at the commencement of the highlands, the lofty Ben Ledi being very near, and the first of the highland peaks you reach. The road winds along the foot of the mountain, and as you round its bold projection into the valley, the beautiful Loch Vennachar breaks upon the view, along which the road passes for several miles. At the foot of this lake is Coilantogle Ford, where Fitz James was conducted by Roderick Dhu, and where the fierce fight took place which resulted fatally for the bold highland chief. Near the head of the lake, and in the glen leading to it, is the spot where Roderick divulged himself, and with his whistle called forth that sudden appearance of his armed clan, so well remembered by every reader of Scott. The rock against which Fitz James threw himself, and defied the whole band, is plainly seen from the road.

Passing over the "brig o' Turk," near Glenfinlas, the beautiful Loch Achray next meets your sight. This charming lake is about two miles in length, and extends to the very entrance to the celebrated pass of the Trossachs. At this point is the Trossach's Hotel, situated at the foot of Ben Venue, and fronting the head of Loch Achray. Nothing can be finer than the situation of this hotel, and the style of its architecture — a heavy stone, turreted building — corresponds with its position. In front are the bright, quiet waters of Loch Achray; on the right the towering peak of Ben Venue; on the left and in the rear, are mountains of scarcely inferior height. Here we spent the night, what there was of it, for it was

scarcely dark at eleven o'clock, and quite light again at half-past two.

Our road now passed directly through the celebrated pass of the Trossachs, and its wonderful grandeur quite justifies its reputation. The distance is less than two miles, and we soon found ourselves at Loch Katrine, and on board of the little steamer. It would be time wasted to attempt any description of this romantic lake. Scott's poem of the Lady of the Lake has made the whole region classical; his descriptions are so perfectly true to nature, that all the points are easily distinguishable. The lake itself, with its magnificent scenery, Ellen's Isle, the spot where Fitz James' "gallant grey" fell dead, the pass of the Trossachs, the route taken by Roderick and Fitz James, the spot where Roderick divulged himself, the Coilantogle Ford where the catastrophe took place, are all accurately described, and perfectly in keeping with the probabilities of the story.

An old Highlander, on the coach, finding I was an American, pointed out many of the localities as we passed them on the road, occasionally repeating lines from the poem, and was quite astonished when I gave some dozen lines in continuation of one of his quotations.

The road from the head of Loch Katrine across to Loch Lomond, is comparatively new, and quite heavy. The distance is but about five miles, and in good weather is more easily accomplished on foot than in a crowded coach. On the high ground between the lakes is Loch Arklet, a charming little lake embosomed in the mountains. On the way we passed the ruins of Inversnaid Fort, sometimes called Rob Roy's Fort; and soon after we reached Inversnaid, on Loch Lomond, where we were to take the steamer. The little cascade of Arkill is near the hotel, and is really very beautiful. We took

the steamer for the head of the lake, where we arrived about noon. The celebrated cave, known as Rob Roy's Cave, is plainly seen from the steamer, a small opening in a mass of fallen rocks, difficult of access, but said to contain considerable room. In this cave Robert Bruce found shelter after one of his numerous defeats.

The sail down Loch Lomond is most grand and impressive. The whole shore is one continual succession of mountains and gorges, affording a constant and magnificent changing panorama. The weather was very disagreeable, changing suddenly from heavy mist and sudden rain to bright sunshine, at least a dozen times as we passed down the lake. Although this scarcely lessened the beauty and grandeur of the scene, it was far from being comfortable. Tourists to the top of Ben Lomond reported such a disagreeable state of things at this early stage of the season, that we abandoned our intention of making the ascent, and gave the huge mountain, as we passed, a polite bow and a wide berth. The scenery of the lower part of the lake softens into beautiful cultivation, but quite hilly, and some of the projecting headlands are exceedingly fine. At the foot of the lake is the town of Balloch, from which is a railway to Glasgow. On the way we passed the castle of Dumbarton, situated on a high, bold mountain, looking more like a fortification than a castle. It is quite celebrated in Scotch history, and is the place where Wallace is said to have been betrayed to the English by the traitor Monteath. We arrived at Glasgow early in the evening.

The next morning, being Sunday, we attended service in the old cathedral, remarkable as being the only one spared by the Scotch Reformation, and now in use by the Scotch Kirk. It is a large, massive building, of dark stone, in form resembling Yorkminster, but much smaller, and with but one tower;

it is in perfect order, and the nave is fitted up in good taste, to conform to the worship of the Scotch church. The desk of the minister is in the center of the upper end, and around its front was a square area, fitted up for the volunteer choir of singers. As we went in the choir were singing the first hymn to the beautiful old tune of Dundee. According to the old Scotch custom, the congregation sat during the singing, as did also the choir, and stood during prayer. Not an instrument of any kind was used, the great organ gallery was vacant, the key note was given by the voice, and the round, full voices of the choir filled the church better than could have been expected. The preacher was a man of some note from Edinburgh, and the occasion was the instalment of a new pastor, although there were no special services. The sermon was strongly written and well delivered, being mainly a defence of the ancient faith of the Church of Scotland against the innovations of reformers: by which I inferred he meant the Free Church of Scotland. The whole services were conducted in a decorous and impressive manner, much resembling that of the old New England Congregational churches, forming a striking contrast to the elaborate ceremonial service which we witnessed at Yorkminster the previous Sunday. The closing prayer embraced all manner of personal and church relations, specially mentioned, including the Queen, royal family, &c, at length. If the constant and systematic prayers of the people of England are of any avail, the royal family will be the most happy and blessed of the earth, the ministry and parliament the most wise and successful, and the enemies of the realm the most confounded and discomfited.

Glasgow is a very large and prosperous city. The streets are unusually wide and straight; the buildings are of stone, and very well built, many of them, especially the banks and

public buildings, very elegant. We visited the cemetery on high ground near the cathedral, from which we had a fine view of the city. There are many fine monuments, the most prominent of which is one to the memory of John Knox; a colossal statue of the great reformer is on the top, and elaborate inscriptions on the four sides, set forth his manifold merits and services. Many of the finest monuments are to the memory of deceased ministers—showing the deep reverence of the Scotch character for its cherished ministry.

The weather was unfavorable, and we were obliged to cut short our rambles. I did not fail, however, to find the old residence of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, in the Saut market; now, I am sorry to say, a tavern and drinking place. This evening we leave for Ayr, the birth-place of Burns.

LETTER IX.

Ayr—The Birthplace of Burns—Cottage where he was Born—Bridge of Doon—Alloway Kirk—Monument to Burns—Burns' Bible—Burns' Sister—Original Letters.

KENDAL, June 29, 1858.

The town of Ayr is a seaport of some business and importance, but is chiefly celebrated as the birth-place of the great peasant bard of Scotland. We arrived in the evening, and immediately after breakfast the next morning, we took a carriage for the scenes in the life of Burns most interesting to us.

Our first visit was to the cottage where he was born. It is a one story thatched cottage, situated upon the main roadside, now used as an ale or refreshment house, but kept in excellent

order. It has been much enlarged since it was occupied by the Burns family, who, by the way, left it when Robert was but nine years of age. The original building is, however, but little changed; it contained but two rooms, that in which he was born being now used as a kitchen, in a recess of which the poet first saw the light.

The tidy little Scotch woman who keeps the house assured us the room had suffered no change,—the old fireplace, windows, stone floor, &c., being the same. The adjoining room is fitted for the guests of the house, with plain chairs and tables, which, together with the floor itself, are completely covered with marks of the industry of pilgrims. Most of them are the unmeaning initials of the parties, an absurdity common to all places of popular resort. An excellent copy of Nasmyth's celebrated picture is in the corner of the room, and even this has not escaped the attacks of these ambitious nobodies.

An addition has been built to the rear of the building, which is fitted up in good taste, and filled with memorials and pictures, illustrating the life of the poet. Among them we were gratified to find, handsomely printed and framed, a copy of Fitz Green Halleck's fine poem, decidedly the most beautiful and touching tribute to his memory ever written.

We next proceeded to the bridge of Doon, coming first to Alloway Kirk, the scene of Tam O'Shanter's celebrated adventure with the witches. The building is quite small, the walls only standing, but still in good preservation. The little bell on the top of the front wall is still in good ringing condition, and the small narrow window is quite perfect, through which the reckless Tam indulged his luckless curiosity. In the church yard is the stone erected by Burns to the memory of his father, the inscription written by the poet himself. An

inscription has since been added to the memory of his mother, who died in 1820.

The monument is situated on the banks of the Doon, not far from the old Kirk. It is an elegant structure, in fine taste, and surrounded by beautiful grounds. The old Scotch keeper is an excellent gardener, keeping the grounds, shrubbery and flowers, in the highest possible state of order and cultivation.

The view from the monument is very beautiful, the swift, clear and "Bonnie Doon" embowered with trees, being one of its chief features. In the monument is a glass case containing several memorials of the poet, the most interesting of which is the little pocket bible, given to his future wife on the occasion of their betrothal, with the inscription and signature in his own handwriting. An elegant marble bust has been recently presented to the monument, which shows the poet to have been a man of uncommon personal beauty and dignity of carriage. In a building in the grounds are the statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, executed by the self-taught sculptor of Ayr, the now celebrated Thom. The group of statuary at the entrance of Laurel Hill Cemetery at Philadelphia, representing "Old Mortality," was executed by the same artist.

From the monument we rode to the residence of Mrs. Begg, the only living sister of Burns, who, in consequence of her great age, has been obliged to give public notice that she could not see visitors. We however ventured to call, and were received with great courtesy by a daughter of Mrs. Begg, a fine-looking and lady-like person. The house is in the old cottage style, with thatched roof, but quite large and comfortable, filled with memorials of Burns, and interesting, as being of unquestioned authenticity. Among the most interesting were two letters written by him to his brother William

in 1785. They were written in a plain, distinct hand, containing much good advice, and wise counsel in his peculiar style, his precepts being unfortunately much less effective than his example, and showing the strong family attachment which was one of his characteristics. I longed to take copies of them, but did not dare to ask it, and being family letters they have never been published. We could not refrain from expressing an earnest desire to see Mrs. Begg, and her daughter finally took our names and residence to the old lady, and to our great satisfaction soon returned with an answer that she was rising and would see us. In a short time she came into the room without assistance, and received us with great kindness and dignity of manner. We were gratified to find her so hale and strong at her great age. It happened to be her eighty-seventh birth-day, and this formed an interesting fact in the interview. She is a fine specimen of the old Scotch lady, refined in her manner, her voice strong, her language good, but with a decided, and what Walter Scott called a kindly Scotch burr in her accent. Her eyes were her most remarkable feature, being full, clear, and of the same dark hazel as those of her poet brother. In looking upon those still beautiful eyes, I could imagine and appreciate to some extent the wonderful power of the eyes of the poet, so often referred to by his contemporaries, and which was his most marked personal feature. His love of the fair sex is well known, and that his morality suffered from his passions. The fascination of his eyes over those with whom he had intercourse, was most remarkable; and one of his aristocratic lady friends who knew him well, once remarked that no woman could resist their influence.

The unexpected favor of this interview was perhaps somewhat owing to our being Americans, towards whom Mrs. Begg

has most kindly feelings. Her daughter assured us that there were no visitors who so fully appreciated the character of her poet uncle, or were so familiar with his writings, and the history of his life. She also gave our countrymen credit for strict decorum in their calls at the house; and it was quite evident from the manner of both mother and daughter, that the attentions of American ladies and gentlemen were gratifying to them. We prolonged our call as long as we dared, and parted with the venerable and excellent old lady, and her lady like daughter, with mingled feelings of regret and satisfaction. To us it has been one of the most interesting incidents in our Scottish tour.

LETTER X.

Crossing the Border—Gretna Green—Carlisle—The Races—"Howe's Great American Circus"—Kendal—A Specimen First Class English Hotel—Lake Windermere—Rydal Mount—Grassmere Lake—Valley of the Trent—London.

LONDON, July 1, 1858.

We left Ayr early in the afternoon, on our return to England. The old town of Dumfries is the last town of any note in Scotland, on the route. It has a rusty dilapidated look, and is only interesting from having been for some time the residence of Burns, and where he died at the early age of thirty-seven. He was buried in the old church-yard, and a handsome monument marks his last resting-place.

Near the border, we passed through Gretna Green, and were shown the old posting-house, once so celebrated in the annals of runaway matches. It is now a quiet-looking country farmhouse, the railway having put an end to stage coaching,

and the revision of the marriage laws obviated the necessity for fittings of this sort.

Carlisle is the first point of importance after passing the borders, and is a city of considerable size and historical note. Here took place the most of the executions growing out of the unfortunate expedition of Charles Edward, in 1745; and here Scott has laid the scene of the last interview of Waverley with Flora McIvor and her dashing brother Fergus, and the execution of the latter with his faithful Maccombich. The Carlisle races were in full vigor, and the town full of life and activity. Among the posters on the walls, the most showy was that of "Howe's Great American Circus."

We stopped at the ancient town of Kendal, which is the regular stopping-place for the English lakes, where we spent the night. The hotel at Kendal, the King's Arms, is worth a passing notice. It is the best specimen of an ancient first-class English hotel we have yet seen. We drove into a narrow passage-way to the inner court-yard, and entered by a side door. This introduced us into an area, lighted from the top, and a most quaint reception hall it was. We were shown up a wide oak staircase, with heavy carved posts and bannisters, black with age, but in perfect condition. It had various square turns in it, and after we were up, the winding passages, and occasional up and down steps, on our way to our rooms, were quite bewildering. The sitting-room, where we took our meals, contained splendid specimens of ancient furniture, all of oak, with elaborate carving, black as ebony and glistening with varnish. One of the pieces had in its carving the date of 1636. The furniture throughout the house was of the same stamp; the bedstead we occupied was a heavy four-post, with high back, and canopy with heavy paneled work, covered with the same elaborate carving.

We took the railway for Windermere, about six miles, where we unfortunately met a large excursion party from Carlisle, which filled up all the little lake steamers and the regular conveyances. The lake itself is a beautiful sheet of water some ten miles in length, surrounded with high mountains, and dotted with charming little islands. Its appearance with its neat little steamers and numberless row-boats, filled with gay excursionists, was very lively and exciting. Finding no room on the steamers, we took a carriage and followed the beautiful road on the borders of the lake to Ambleside, a village at the head of the lake, full of attractive looking lodging-houses for summer tourists.

A short ride from Ambleside brought us to Rydal Mount, the residence of Wordsworth, whose poetry has given such additional interest to the beautiful lake country. Rydal Water is near by, a charming little lake, in the midst of mountains still higher than those about Windermere. On the side of the road fronting the lake is the former residence of Coleridge.

A few miles farther brought us to Grassmere, the most beautiful of all the lakes. It is larger than Rydal, but smaller than Windermere, surrounded with the same character of mountains, but with shores gradually rising, affording beautiful grounds for villas and gardens. The hotel is a fine building, and the grounds around bordering on the lake were full of flowers, arranged with excellent taste.

Other engagements prevented a further journey in this delightful region, and we retraced our steps to Windermere, with regret that we could not make a more extended tour.

At Windermere we took the express train for the south, passing through the large manufacturing towns of Lancaster, Preston, Bolton, &c., arriving before dark at the city of Man-

chester. The early departure of the train for London next morning, gave us little opportunity of seeing the city, which is one of the largest of the interior cities of England—its forests of tall chimneys reminding you of Birmingham. We saw many splendid buildings. The Infirmary, in front of our hotel, was really magnificent in its extent and proportions, the extensive area in front ornamented with fountains and statues of distinguished men.

We made the run to London, by way of the Trent valley, in a little over four hours, a distance of about one hundred and ninety miles. The speed was not greater than is frequently attained on our railroads, but the stoppages are few—one route, from Rugby to London, being eighty-two miles without a stoppage.

The country through the Trent valley is very beautiful. The speed of the train did not prevent our having some splendid views; in fact, it was one continual and ever-changing panorama of the most beautiful country scenery in England. The trees are abundant, but stand alone, there being no woods, as we call them, except occasional clusters of trees on the rounded hills. The lawns are perfectly smooth and clean, the divisions of fields are all hedges, and the whole so perfectly cultivated, that the valley is one perpetual scene of luxuriant beauty. The occasional rush of the train through a quaint, compact town, with its steep tiled and slated roofs, rather adds to the general effect of this rush through the country. We arrived in London early in the afternoon, and as at this time Parliament is in session, and the town full of strangers, we had some difficulty in finding comfortable quarters.

In my next, I will endeavor to give some impressions and experience of the great metropolis.

LETTER XI.

First Impressions of London—Hotels—Charges—The Streets of London—Horse Guards—
St. James' Park—Buckingham Palace—Hyde Park—Charles Dickens—Houses of
Parliament—Courts—Big Wigs and Robes—House of Lords—Lord Brougham.

LONDON, July 6, 1858.

The first entrance into London is somewhat disappointing. Its appearance is very much like any other large city, and the hotel, when you arrive at it, does not strike you favorably. You find no spacious reception room for ladies, nor a roomy office where you register your names, as with us. You are met by a servant, of whom your first inquiry is for rooms, in answer to which you are told to "wait a bit." After a little time, the landlady, or some attache of the house appears, and inquires if you will have a private parlor. As this looks formidable financially, you say "No." Then you are told that the house is very full, but they will do the best they can. You are then conducted up various flights of stairs, and finally shown into a moderately comfortable room. The system is, to charge you a fixed price for the room per day, and then for your meals as you call for them. If you take no parlor, you are shown into the common coffee-room for your meals; and therefore, to be at all comfortable, you are compelled to take the little parlor and have your meals served up there, for which the charge is about the same as for the sleeping-room. The aggregate cost, including servant's fees, is about double that of the same accommodations at the American Hotel.

Having occasion to deliver letters in the neighborhood of the Parliament House, we took an omnibus for that region. The names of the streets you pass have a quite familiar sound to you: Cheapside, St. Paul's Church Yard, (the names of the

streets surrounding St. Pauls,) Paternoster Row, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Street, Fleet Street, Temple Bar, Strand, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, Whitehall, where you first see government buildings on a large scale, through Parliament street to the square, where are the new Parliament buildings, Westminster Abbey, &c., &c. By this time you begin to realize that you are really in London. On our return, we passed through the gates of the Horse Guards, with its two splendidly-mounted dragoons, sitting like statues at the gateways, and entered St. James Park, where the military were on parade, with a splendid band of music. The large trees with their luxuriant foliage, the wide, graveled walks, the beautiful little lake winding through the park, alive with swans and other water fowl, the splendid surrounding buildings, and the glimpses of Buckingham Palace in the distance, embrace a scene which realizes your highest anticipations. Passing along the broad avenues, we see on our left the Wellington Barracks, a range of buildings and grounds which surprises you by their splendor and extent, and soon come to Buckingham Palace, the city residence of the Queen and royal family; which quite fills up your preconceived idea of the royal mansion. You pass into Green Park, of the same general character as St. James, and soon come to the splendid and massive gateways at Hyde Park corner, on the top of which is the colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, in his costume as a general officer. The splendid expanse of Hyde Park is now before you, with its almost illimitable extent of grounds, embracing walks, roads, lawns, trees and shrubbery of marvelous extent and beauty. It will, however, be impossible to give any adequate description of these renowned localities, and I can only allude to them incidentally.

Our first visit to a place of entertainment was to St. Martin's Hall, to hear Mr. Charles Dickens read his Christmas Carol. This is a recent movement of Mr. Dickens, and has been quite successful; the hall was filled with the best society of London, and the author reader was well received. He is a little below medium size, and his appearance at first disappoints you. He was dressed in a plain dress, without any effort at display, came upon the stage in a simple business-like way, receiving the rather refined and dainty applause of the audience with a slight acknowledgment. His reading was good and effective, without any attempt at high elocution, and to those who were familiar with the beautiful story, was in the highest degree interesting. The fact that the reader before you was Charles Dickens, to whose prolific brain we have been so long indebted for the highest order of light reading; the author of such now familiar creations as *Pickwick*, *Sam Weller*, *Nicholas* and *Kate Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, *Little Nell*, *Dolly Varden*, and the hosts of others which crowd upon the memory, was an event to be forever remembered. Dickens is now in the prime of life, an active, well-built man, looking more like a shrewd business man of the world, than the exclusively literary man we have always considered him. The present movement is doubtless with him a relief from composition; for notwithstanding his wonderful fertility, the source of supply and power of production must gradually wane and finally disappear.

Our next visit was to Westminster, but the Abbey being closed, we went to the Houses of Parliament. This splendid pile of buildings has been so often described and pictured, that it is useless to waste time upon them. The great entrance hall is truly magnificent. We first visited the court rooms, where courts were in session. The judges, in their great

flowing wigs and robes, were generally fine-looking elderly men, and their costume certainly gave dignity to the appearance of the bench. The lawyers however, in their wigs and gowns, did not strike us so favorably. Just imagine our young (though very capable) Judge Sheldon with a massive wig and gown on the bench at our court house, and our excellent and business-like friend, James M. Smith, for example, arguing a knotty point of law with the thermometer at ninety, and you can imagine how it would appear to a Buffalonian.

Lord Campbell, the author of the "Lives of the Chancellors," was presiding in one of the courts. He is now over eighty years of age, and appears to have lost none of his mental vigor. He is never absent from his seat, and is also one of the most attentive members of the House of Lords. The great passage-way to the main building has a series of grand statues of great men in English parliamentary history: Walpole, Chatham, Burke, Grattan, Pitt, Fox, Hampden, and others of lesser note, are the subjects, and the position, attitude, costume and execution of these noble statues are worthy of the great personages they represent. Neither house was in session, but learning that the Lords were sitting as a Court of Appeals, we obtained access, expecting to see an array of the great men of the land. We found the Lord Chancellor sitting in full robes, with two members only of the House of Lords. One of these was Lord St. Leonards, who is a peer of some reputation, and the other was Lord Brougham. A dapper barrister was making a speech, to which the members listened patiently except Brougham, who, with his head resting on his hand, showed signs of impatience, by nervously changing from one hand to the other. We began to fear we should not get a look at his face, but he finally started up suddenly at some position taken by the speaker, stating the point as he

understood it, in a short speech, showing that he had by no means lost his intellectual vigor. His voice was clear and strong, but his movement showed signs of physical infirmity, and it seems scarcely possible that he can much longer sustain himself. The fact that we had seen him and heard him speak, was an event worthy of a special record. We hope to find an opportunity to see both houses in session.

·LETTER XII.

The Tower—Arms and Trophies—Regalia—The Prisons—Sir Walter Raleigh's Room—The Thames Tunnel—The Thames—Its Filthy Condition—Westminster Abbey—The Public Parks.

LONDON, July 7, 1858.

We next proceeded to the Tower, that great store-house of military antiquities, which no one fails, or should fail, to visit. It was originally built by William the Conqueror, although a still more ancient Roman fortress is said to have been on the same spot. The historical associations connected with the Tower are numerous, and generally well known. It is now a great national museum, where all the antiquities of its military history are kept. The appearance of the wardens and yeomen, in the same fanciful dress worn in the days of Elizabeth, is quite picturesque, and we found them very civil and intelligent guides.

The entrance is through several successive gateways; and we were first conducted to the White Tower, to an apartment

full one hundred and fifty feet in length. The whole center of this room is occupied with equestrian figures, showing the armor of all the different periods of English history, each mounted in full fighting costume; a most formidable array, but in these latter days of gunpowder and Paixhan guns, of little account. The arrangement of the room, and the figures of the horses, are very perfect, and you almost feel the presence of those formidable warriors. The quantity and variety of arms and trophies of every description, collected in the various apartments of the Tower are almost incredible, every age and every country with whom the English nation has had any intercourse, contributing its quota. The crown jewels' room is one of the greatest attractions. Here, enclosed in a strong glass case, are the gorgeous regalia of the English monarchy. The case is lined with rich white silk, showing the amazing splendor of the jewels to the greatest advantage. The collection is valued at £3,500,000, or about \$16,500,000. We next went to the gloomy prisons, now happily, unoccupied. The walls are covered with inscriptions and carvings by the unfortunate prisoners, during their long confinement, for few passed those fatal gates as prisoners ever came out alive. The room occupied some twelve years by Sir Walter Raleigh, and where he wrote his history of the world, is in the white tower. A small dark cell in the wall of the tower is shown as his sleeping room.

The whole tower buildings and grounds occupy some twelve acres, and the associations connected with its history are shocking to contemplate. Its now peaceful condition and picturesque position, is in marked contrast with its former history of tyranny and murder.

From the Tower we proceeded to the Thames Tunnel at Wapping. This wonder of modern engineering has been the

subject of numerous descriptions and drawings, and its general idea is familiar to all. The descent is by a wide double staircase, large, roomy and light. It has a double track sufficiently wide for a cart, but never used for that purpose. As a financial speculation it has been a failure, but is a wonderful triumph of engineering skill. Brunel was the engineer, the same who has in charge the mammoth ship *Leviathan*, now lying in the stream near Deptford. The tunnel is about thirteen hundred feet in length, perfectly dry, and lighted with gas. It is little used for the purpose contemplated, but is filled with little shops, where fancy articles, refreshments, &c., are sold, and petty shows exhibited, one of the tracks being appropriated to the use of these shops and restaurants. One penny is charged for passing across and returning—one of the few things in London which has the merit of cheapness. It is certainly one of the great lions of London, and should be visited by every stranger.

We returned to our lodgings by way of the Thames, on one of the little steamers which are constantly plying. In this short trip we had an opportunity of experiencing the shocking condition of the Thames, produced by the general discharge of the sewers of this mighty city, and which has lately so excited the public attention; it was really shocking, and we were glad to get on shore, and away from its influence. By a law passed some years ago, every building must discharge all its refuse into the street sewer, and every sewer into the Thames. The immense discharge thereby occasioned, has become too great for the river, notwithstanding its high tides. These formerly carried everything off twice in twenty-four hours, but now it cannot do so, and the filth is carried up and down with the tides, until in a hot day it is almost insupportable. Plans of relief on an immense scale are projected, one

of which has been long before the public, and proposes an intercepting sewer of great size along both banks of the Thames, to carry the whole sewerage of the city to the sea, some thirty or forty miles below the city. This stupendous scheme will involve an expense of some \$25,000,000, yet it seems the only effectual remedy, and will probably be eventually executed; the great bone of contention in regard to this enormous project being, whether the expenses shall be borne by the city of London, or by the nation at large, upon which point there is truly "much to be said on both sides."

On Sunday we attended service at Westminster Abbey, taking a seat as near as possible amidst the monuments in the poet's corner. The body of the church was well filled, with a well-dressed and decorous audience. The splendid organ filled the grand old Abbey with its magnificent music, reminding us of Yorkminster some weeks before. This time, however, we did not take the risk of the sermon, quietly leaving, with many others, before it commenced.

A walk in the various parks on a fine Sunday afternoon and evening, is very delightful. A large proportion of the people of London is usually represented, and they are very orderly, well-dressed and decorous in their deportment. Nothing can be more beautiful than the appearance of St. James, Green and Hyde Parks, on a fine summer Sunday evening. Men, women and children, in their best dresses, fill the walks and grounds, or are sitting under the noble trees, seemingly a most happy and contented people. It was certainly quite different from what we had been led to expect from the accounts we had heard of the London population. Among the crowd were a considerable number of soldiers in their bright red uniforms, who appear to have a special privilege on this afternoon and evening, to perambulate the parks with their wives and sweethearts.

LETTER XIII.

Westminster Abbey—Poet's Corner—Monuments, &c — Egyptian Hall—Albert Smith—
Mont Blanc—St. Paul's—Sam. Johnson—Abcrombie—Lord Nelson.

LONDON, July 8, 1858.

Our next visit was to Westminster Abbey, one of the great points of interest, which no American fails to visit. The venerable structure, like similar buildings in London, has a dingy and discolored appearance, very unsightly, but to which the eye soon becomes accustomed. We entered by the usual entrance at the Poet's Corner, and found ourselves at once amidst the monuments of the great lights of English literature. As there are few of them whose existence did not terminate before the American Revolution, we, as Americans, have a common interest in their fame with the English nation. The flood of recollections and associations which flows upon you while gazing on these monuments, is not to be described. Here were Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Butler, (Hudibras,) Addison, Thomson, Gray, Watts, Goldsmith, Garrick, and others of lesser note—their busts looking down upon you so naturally, that you seem to be in the midst of them bodily, and feel bewildered and oppressed with memories of their various writings. There is little time for such memories, the gowned verger, or guide, taking you at once to the various parts of the Abbey, and into the magnificent chapel of Henry VII., where the skill and luxury of his time were exhausted in providing resting places for kings, queens and princes. The splendor of this celebrated chapel has not been exaggerated. It is certainly one of the wonders of decorative architecture.

You are so intent in gazing upon it that you pay little heed to the monotonous, reverential enumeration, by the verger, of the various and generally worthless representatives of royalty which are there entombed. An exception to this is when that of the beautiful, but unfortunate, Mary of Scotland is mentioned, which never fails to strike a chord of sympathy in every American heart.

Passing from this to other parts of the Abbey, you meet a profusion of monuments and statues of great elegance, few of which excite any interest, save a momentary admiration of the skill of the artist. Those to Gen. Wolfe, Maj. Andre, and a modest little bust and monument to the patriot John Pym, excite some interest, and no one conversant with English history can look unmoved upon the statues of Mansfield, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Isaac Newton, Canning, Humphrey Davy, and others of like stamp. Little opportunity is allowed to visitors to dwell upon such reflections, or to admire in detail the wonderful sculpture of the various monuments, and you are soon again at the Poet's Corner, the point of starting, where you unconsciously linger, and gaze for the last time upon the now almost familiar busts.

In the afternoon we visited a locality of a very different character—the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, to hear Albert Smith tell his oft-repeated story of the ascent of Mont Blanc. This story, with occasional variations, has been repeated by him nearly every day, and sometimes twice a day, for the last seven years. When you hear it you are not surprised at its continued popularity. The attraction consists in his manner of telling his traveling experience, description of tourists and incidents of travel—which are admirably told, and in the highest degree amusing. The whole entertainment is assisted by scenic representations of his ascent to Mont Blanc, and other

parts of interest in his extended travels, making, altogether, an instructive as well as highly amusing entertainment. After repeating this singular medley for some two thousand times with unflagging popularity, he now ceases, leaving for a China voyage, and in due time will return with a new melange of equal humor and interest, made up from his oriental travels.

The next day we visited St. Paul's Cathedral, in time to hear a portion of the choral morning service, and had a brief opportunity to hear the great organ. The cathedral is situated on Ludgate Hill, in the heart of the city, and in the midst of its most active trading population. This detracts somewhat from its immense size and splendid architecture, and the influence of the London atmosphere has had its full effect upon the noble edifice. You must accustom yourself to this before you can fully appreciate the superb workmanship of its dingy exterior.

We entered by the northern entrance, and were greatly impressed with the majestic and splendid proportions of its interior. It takes some minutes to recover yourself, and adjust your mind to its wonderful extent, and elaborate workmanship. The monuments were the first objects of special attention. The first you come to, and the first which was placed in the building, was that to Dr. Samuel Johnson. All who are familiar with the figure and character of the great lexicographer, will be disappointed with the statue. The face and head are very well, but the idea of representing his rough and clumsy figure in a Roman toga, with the breast, one arm and leg bare, is most absurd. His head, too, rests upon his thumb and forefinger in the lackadaisical attitude usually given to Sterne. If the burly doctor had seen it before it was set up, he would have broken it to pieces with his cane, if that were possible; and I am sure the artist would not have ,

escaped short of a broken head. In contrast to this, is the statue of General Elliott, the great defender of Gibraltar. He is represented in his ordinary military dress, showing distinctly the thorough-bred soldier and general. It reminded us somewhat of our General Taylor.

The rest of the monuments are generally in good taste, and splendid in execution. That to Sir Ralph Abercrombie, by Westmacott, is generally conceded to be the finest, and certainly deserves that distinction. Most of them are to the memory of distinguished warriors, who fell gloriously in the arms of victory. The exception to this, was the joint monument to Sir Edward Pakenham and General Gibbs, of New Orleans memory, the "arms of victory" being doubtless "omitted for want of room." In the crypt below, are monuments to various celebrated persons, among which the simple stone and inscription to its great architect, Christopher Wren, will excite special attention. The monument to Lord Nelson is in the centre, immediately under the great dome, where he was buried. One is now being finished to the Duke of Wellington, not far from that of Nelson, where he was also buried.

From the body of the church we proceeded to the dome. There are two hundred and eighty steps to its base, and two hundred and fifty-four more to the top, at the outer gallery. The whispering gallery is quite a curiosity. You are placed on a seat at the opposite end, one hundred and forty feet from the entrance, and the keeper places his mouth to the wall, and gives you the dimensions, &c., of the church in a whisper, which at that great distance, is heard with perfect distinctness. From this gallery the view of the church below is very pleasing, and the fine group of paintings on the ceiling, by Sir James Thornhill, illustrative of the life of St. Paul, are in fine taste and execution.

From the upper outer gallery, at the top of the dome, the view of the mighty city is truly magnificent. You are some four hundred feet from the ground, the whole of the great metropolis and its environs are spread before you like a map, the fog and smoke occasionally lifting like a current, giving you a very complete panorama of the whole. The great bell, weighing some six tons, and the immense machinery of the great clock, are also great curiosities.

LETTER XIV.

Bank of England—Royal Exchange—Lloyds—Billingsgate—Mansion House—Lord Mayor—
Guildhall—Gog and Magog—Old Bailey—Newgate—Temple—John Wilkes.

LONDON, July 9, 1858.

On Monday we visited the city, as it is termed, *par excellence*. In the morning the whole population appears to be tending to the Bank, which neighborhood is the centre of monetary transactions. The building itself is a large, low, unpretending structure, showing no windows except near the main entrance, occupying an entire square, and well situated for its purposes. You enter on Threadneedle street into the great court, and find the inner building and grounds quite light and attractive. There seems no end to the passages, offices and departments of this mammoth institution. In one portion of the building, we saw the engravers and printers at work, as all the notes of the institution are printed on the premises. Every portion of the building, and every department of the business, is in the highest possible state of order and discipline.

The Royal Exchange is directly opposite the bank, at the angle formed by Threadneedle street and Cornhill. This edifice is very splendid and well arranged. The inner open court contains a statue of Queen Victoria, and around the wide inner colonnade were gatherings of men, very much like the men usually found around our own exchanges. About two o'clock P. M., is high change, and then may be seen the principal merchants of the city. At the farther end of the building is the entrance to Lloyds, the celebrated place of business for the society of underwriters. This has become one of the most extensive and important establishments in London, and perhaps in the world. It has a complete system of agency throughout the commercial world, and commercial and shipping intelligence is received and published daily, upon which the utmost reliance is placed. In front of the building, in the broad, paved area, is another statue to the everlasting Duke of Wellington, who turns up in the most unexpected and incongruous places, not only in London, but all over the kingdom.

We next visited Billingsgate, the celebrated fish-market. It is situated on the Thames, a short distance below London Bridge, and is the great wholesale market for every description of fish. As might be expected, it was wet and dirty under foot, but the immense piles of fish appeared to be in good condition. The fishwomen, of whom we have heard so much, must either be a myth, or they have disappeared. The business was mostly conducted by men, and the few women we saw, were by no means formidable, either in their appearance or language.

The Mansion House is in the centre of business, and near the Exchange. It is a fine, large building, with a colonnade in front, and highly ornamented. It is the official residence

of the Lord Mayor during his term of office. The Lord Mayor is the great city personage, and lives in a style which quite eclipses that of the President of the United States. He is allowed the use of the Mansion House, with all its furniture, fittings, and the great state coach, together with the splendid service of plate belonging to the city. His salary is about forty thousand dollars per annum; but as the office is usually held by rich city, who have a great desire to ape the aristocracy, the office is an expensive one to hold, over and above the income.

The Guildhall is at the foot of King street, a narrow street leading from Cheapside. As you pass through the street, the building looks insignificant, but as you approach, you come to a wide area, and the building has an imposing and venerable appearance. Here all the business of the city is transacted. The great hall is more than one hundred and fifty feet in length, and about fifty feet in width and height. It contains quite a number of monuments, and is a highly ornamented room. In the corners of the upper part of the room, are the singular and monstrous statues called Gog and Magog, which, being painted in bright colors, present a most grotesque appearance.

In passing through Ludgate street, we came to the Old Bailey, a street leading from Ludgate street to Newgate square. We passed through to take a look at Newgate. It is a gloomy looking building, with its high stone walls without a window, and with low archways for entrance from the street. In front of the prison, and facing the square, is the ancient hanging place, where executions of this kind were formerly so frequent, and for such trifling offences, but now, happily, quite seldom.

The Old Bailey offices of justice adjoin the prison, and were

crowded with people in attendance on the courts. We endeavored to get in, and get a good sight of the court in session, but were met by the ubiquitous keeper, who demanded his customary shilling.

As we passed through Fleet street, we saw a low archway, which appeared to be a thoroughfare. On passing through, we found ourselves in the celebrated Temple grounds, which have been consecrated for centuries to the profession of the law. The contrast of this beautiful and quiet retreat with the roar and rush of Fleet street, was most delightful. Long ranges of brick buildings, are all fitted for chambers for the profession, some of the passages very narrow, but quite sufficient, as no carriages are admitted into the grounds. The gardens bordering on the Thames are large, and kept in excellent order. Students were sitting around on the benches, or walking leisurely about the grounds, and the whole aspect was more like a quiet country college, than the very centre of London. This fine property once belonged to the order of the Knight Templars, from which it takes its name. On the suppression of the religious orders, it reverted to the crown, and was granted to the profession about the year 1600. It has ever since remained under its control, and is governed by a corporation composed of its most eminent members.

In crossing Farringdon street, a broad street at right angles with Fleet street, we were detained a few moments by the press of carriages and omnibuses, in the middle of the street, and by the side of a common looking obelisk. On looking at it, I found inscribed thereon, "John Wilkes, Lord Mayor, 1775." I never was more struck than with this unexpected discovery. Here, in the midst of a crowded street, totally unregarded, not one in a thousand of the passers by knowing or caring for what purpose it was erected, was the memorial

erected by the citizens of London to this celebrated agitator and friend of the people, who, in the times of Junius, defied the royal authority, forced himself into parliament and into the Lord Mayor's chair, shaking the kingdom to its very centre. Those who have read Junius, will understand and appreciate the remembrances which this obscure and somewhat dilapidated obelisk called up. In Lord Byron's Vision of Judgment, that terrible satire upon George III., and his poet laureate Southey, John Wilkes is the "cock-eyed sprite" who is summoned as a witness.

LETTER XV.

Camp at Aldersholt—The Sham Fight—Queen and Retinue—Crystal Palace at Sydenham
Surrounding Grounds—Interior—Hampton Court—Oaks and Avenues.

LONDON, July 10, 1858.

The papers having announced a visit of the Queen to the camp at Aldersholt, and as a consequence a grand review of the troops, we took the train for that place, a distance of some forty miles, and arrived just in time to witness the whole affair.

Aldersholt is an extensive heath, covered with sand and small flint stones, worthless for agricultural purposes, but just the place for barracks and encampments. It is quite hilly, but has an extensive valley, where the ground is comparatively level, where the military perform their evolutions, and could be seen to the best advantage by the crowds of spectators on the hills. A shower in the morning

had laid the dust somewhat, and the day was exceedingly fine. The number of troops under arms was over twenty-two thousand, comprising all the varieties and appointments of a complete army. The "exercises" were of course a sham fight, in which were brought into action every conceivable form of military evolution. Nothing could be more splendid and exciting than the whole scene, every part of which was in full view from the hill where we stood. The Queen and her attendants were on the opposite side of the valley, on a hill jutting somewhat into it.

The charges of the cavalry, of which there were several thousand, with their splendid horses and glittering equipments, were most magnificent. The rapid evolutions of the flying artillery were also wonderful, while the dense masses of infantry, when they moved, seemed to bear down all before them. One of these evolutions was to throw themselves into hollow squares with the officers in the centre, the front rank kneeling down with charged bayonets, and above them the inner rank presenting their bayonets, forming a formidable barrier. This evolution was performed by Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids, where it successfully resisted the attacks of the Mameluke cavalry, the finest in the world. It was also successfully imitated by Wellington at Waterloo, keeping at bay the French cuirassiers, till the arrival of Blucher with his army, saved him from utter annihilation and won the battle of Waterloo.

The Queen was attended by Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, and a large retinue of lesser dignitaries, including several ladies. Also, by Marshal Pelissier, now Duke of Malakoff, and French Ambassador to the English Court—who, by the way, is a hearty, jolly looking Frenchman, and appeared to be in high spirits. The Queen is a good horse-

woman, and although not queenly in height, sits in her saddle with ease and dignity. She is evidently fond of a good horse, frequently caressing the noble animal upon which she was mounted. As the army passed before her in review, she appeared much pleased, keeping time with the music of the several bands, and on the whole, appearing just like any other woman under the same circumstances. She was dressed in a bright red jacket, or basque, I think the ladies call it, with a broad golden sash over her shoulder and under the opposite arm, a black hat of the "all around" shape, now common for ladies in England, and a bunch of white and red feathers, similar to those worn by British General officers.

The Duke of Cambridge appears to be the commander-in-chief of all the military forces. Prince Albert is a fair, medium sized-man, apparently very docile and obedient to the Queen, performing all the duties expected of him, and drawing his rations with exemplary regularity. A considerable number of celebrated military characters were present, among whom was Lord Cardigan, of Balaklava memory, and altogether it was a grand display.

The following day was devoted to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, which is reached in half an hour from London Bridge. The accounts we have had of this great affair do not exaggerate its wonderful beauty and that of its surroundings. Its site has been admirably chosen, being on a hill some two hundred feet in height, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. The building is composed entirely of iron and glass, and is certainly one of the most splendid creations of modern architecture. Its extreme length is about sixteen hundred feet, width nearly four hundred feet, and height at the transepts one hundred and thirty-six feet. Everything about it is on the same great scale; the sur-

rounding grounds, comprising some two hundred acres, are as superb as art and labor can make them, filled with the choicest flowers and shrubbery, arranged with great skill, and about ten different fountains in full view from the Palace. The drive around the grounds is nearly two miles long. The interior of the Palace is a perfect maze of wonders. How all the immense variety of curiosities in natural science and art were ever gathered together and brought into their present perfect arrangement, is a wonder which increases upon you as you wander through its immense extent. To attempt any formal description would be futile; no description could give any adequate impression of its beautiful general effect. The quantity of flowers and shrubbery, choice trees and plants in the building is so great as to make the whole appear like one continuous garden, with the statues, fountains and works of art properly arranged within it. The collection of casts of statues is very large, embracing all the celebrated statuary in the world. It seems hardly necessary to travel thousands of miles to look upon statuary, when such perfect copies are here gathered together before you. We spent the entire day in and about the palace, and had we given its various departments the attention they deserved, should have spent some days in the mere occupation of the eye, saying nothing of the numerous beautiful and ingenious models of machinery in various parts of the building. We left the Palace with reluctance, hoping to find time to repeat our visit.

Our next visit was to Hampton Court. This celebrated palace is situated on the Thames, about twelve miles from London. It was founded by Cardinal Wolsey, in the reign of Henry VIII., for his own private use, but its furnishing was so splendid as to excite the envy of the court, and finally the

cupidity of his tyrannical master, who wrested it from him with his customary brute force. The buildings themselves are by no means impressive, being built of brick, and now, with the additions made at various periods, looking confused and irregular. As you pass through the noble gateways this feeling disappears, and you wander through the great state apartments, now a connected series of picture galleries, in a state of perpetual wonder and delight. The number of pictures here collected exceeds one thousand, all of a high order of merit, and many unequaled in the world. The series of portraits embraces nearly every character of note in the history of England. Of course the subjects of the finest of them are the worthless representatives of royalty, their families and favorites, among which the frail beauties of the court of Charles II. form a conspicuous part; the portraits were painted mostly by Sir Peter Lely, and are exquisitely beautiful. Pictures of Charles I. and his family abound, and one representing that monarch on horseback is particularly fine. The celebrated cartoons of Raphael, and numerous specimens of Gobelin tapestry, are here, which are more wonderful than beautiful.

There are also a number of models of proposed palaces, among which is the celebrated one proposed to be built by George III.,—to defray the expenses of which the taxes on the American colonies were levied, which resulted in the American Revolution. As that fact is now stated in the catalogues, it is doubtless correct.

The grounds surrounding the castle are of great extent, and very beautiful. The old majestic oaks are now in full foliage, forming splendid avenues and colonnades. The celebrated grape vine, now ninety years old, was in full vigor, and promises to keep up its reputation as a prolific bearer. It is in a large house by itself, and is attended with the utmost care,

filling the whole of the building, one hundred and ten feet long by forty feet wide, with its luxuriant branches, now filled with fruit. It is the Black Hamburgh grape—and the product, which is sometimes as high as three thousand bunches in a season, is kept exclusively for the Queen's table.

Here was the residence of Oliver Cromwell, during the commonwealth; and in the wilderness of pictures and memorials, there was not one portrait of this wisest and greatest of men. Every vestige of his memory has been carefully obliterated, and his existence ignored; while the weak and faithless Charles is canonized by all manner of splendid portraits and statues. It makes one indignant to find this truly great man so completely ignored, while the worthless race of the Stuarts, and the swinish race of the Georges, are exalted by all the appliances of art and luxury. The stupid face and figure of George III. meets you in every variety of pictures and statuary, and upon his son, George IV., of infamous memory, all the art and genius of the nation were exhausted in pictures and statues of elaborate magnificence. The national galleries, and even churches, are filled with splendid memorials of that ferocious tyrant and brutal sensualist, Henry VIII.; while Cromwell, the wisest and purest ruler that England ever had, is only remembered in the coarse epithets and systematic falsehoods of royal historians.

LETTER XVI.

Windsor Castle—St. George's Chapel—Virginia Water—Long Walk—Runnymede—Down the Thames—Great Eastern—Greenwich Hospital—Royal Observatory.

LONDON, July 11, 1858.

Our next excursion was to Windsor Castle, the finest specimen of an ancient and modern residence of royalty, having been for centuries a favorite royal residence, and being about twenty-five miles from London. The railway brought us to the very foot of the high bluff on which it is built, and as you approach it your ideas of a splendid castellated palace are fully realized. Nothing can be finer than its position, and nothing could be more perfect and complete than the manner in which its natural advantages have been improved. We first clambered up the ancient staircase of the old tower, said to have been built by Julius Cæsar, curious only for its age, but affording a splendid view of the valley below. St. George's Chapel, which we next visited, is the richest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in England. It has recently been completely renovated — being occasionally honored by the presence of the Queen and royal family. The great painted windows are from designs by West, and the execution is of unequalled splendor. In the chancel, the array of banners, helmets, and insignia of the knights of the order of the garter, is exceedingly fine. Inscriptions upon the floor of the church show the burial place of many of the royal race; one of them was to Henry VIII., his queen Jane Seymour, and an infant daughter of Queen Anne.

The state apartments are as splendid as the appliances of art and luxury can make them, but it is the pictures that absorb the attention of most visitors. The Vandyke room contains twenty-two portraits, of a style and execution which throws into the shade all previous conceptions of this high art. The equestrian portrait of Charles I., and also of his five children in a group, are especially striking, as is also a portrait of the artist himself. There are some half-dozen other rooms filled with paintings, of such amazing beauty and splendor that you become absolutely fatigued with gazing upon them. The armory is also very superb, embracing ancient and modern illustrations of warfare in great profusion, and of the most interesting and curious character. The ceilings in all these magnificent apartments were painted in the highest style of art, and were not the least of their attractions. The subjects are generally mythological, and are handled with exquisite skill. How the artist ever executed them is a perpetual wonder. There is no charge for admission, and the attendants are unusually intelligent and well bred. We were not hurried through, but we felt that that we could not dwell upon these splendid sights without encroaching too much upon their time, and incurring the maledictions of the succeeding party of visitors which you are sure to find waiting.

From the castle we took a carriage for the Virginia Water the celebrated artificial lake created for the royal gratification, about one hundred years ago. It is about six miles from the castle, the road to it being through the great park, and by the Long Walk, as it is called. The Long Walk is certainly the finest avenue in England. It is laid out in a straight line from the castle front, through the park, for about three miles, with a double row of majestic oaks on each side, and terminating at a high eminence, upon which is a colossal equestrian

statue of George III.,—a magnificent tribute to one of the most wretched specimens of incapacity and stupid obstinacy that ever wore a crown.

The view from this eminence is one of the finest in England. The castle, at the other extremity of the Long Walk, stands out in bold relief, showing, with perfect distinctness, every tower and turret; the avenue itself, with its double row of brave old oaks; the line of the Thames, looking like a stream of silver, and just over it the turrets and fine chapel of Eton College, the preparatory school for the boys of the English aristocracy. The Charter island and the plain of Runnymede, where Magna Charta was extorted by the fierce barons from King John, were also pointed out to us. The remainder of the road was through the great park, filled with splendid trees, and frequent royal and keepers' lodges, surrounded with a profusion of choice flowers and shrubbery, with herds of deer feeding on the well-kept lawns. Hares, rabbits, pheasants, and other varieties of game, were running and flying about in all directions, and with perfect impunity. The lake itself is a wonder of picturesque beauty; and the fact that it is artificial adds not a little to its interest. On the borders of the lake is the fishing lodge, erected at such great expense by George IV.; and on the lake, at anchor near by, is an exquisite miniature frigate, of about fifty tons burthen, fitted up for the amusement of the Queen's boys, and forming a charming addition to the otherwise beautiful scene. We walked around the borders of the lake, new beauties disclosing at every turn. At one point, in a picturesque situation, is an extensive artificial ruin, made from genuine antiquities, brought here for that purpose, and arranged so skillfully as to deceive most visitors. At the outlet of the lake is a fall of some twenty feet, arranged with immense boulders, in the

narrow passage, so naturally, as almost to prevent belief that it was the work of man.

The whole thing is a fine illustration of the power of despotic royalty over the people of England centuries ago, by which this splendid property, sufficient to yield support to thousands of inhabitants, is given up for a royal pleasure ground, and, with the exception of the castle and immediate grounds, is rarely visited by the royal family. To show the immense extent of the castle grounds, the great park contains some eighteen hundred acres, and the small park adjoining the castle has about five hundred acres.

The next day we took a sail down the river Thames, as far as Greenwich Hospital. After you pass London bridge, you begin to find evidences of the commercial business of London. The stream is full of shipping from all quarters of the world, many of them receiving and discharging by means of lighters. The great docks are on both sides of the river, quite inland, and of immense extent. St. Catharines and London dock, are nearest London bridge; farther down is the West India, and still farther the East India docks. All of them appeared full of shipping. The great ship Leviathan, or Great Eastern, lies in the stream off Deptford, and is truly a mammoth ship. She lies there ostensibly preparing for sea, but there is little progress made. As she lies upon the water, it seems impossible that such a mountain of iron could successfully navigate the ocean. She appears now to be kept as a show—a half-crown a head being charged for admission.

We landed at Greenwich, and visited the hospital and observatory, to the last of which we were unable to obtain admission. The great hospitals are near the river, and on the most extensive and liberal scale. The number of inmates is said to be about two thousand, who walk leisurely around or

lounge upon the seats, in their neat blue uniforms, in all the luxury of pure idleness.

The chapel is very large and spacious, seating them all comfortably, and is fitted up very handsomely. The Painted Hall, as it is called, is a fine building, filled with pictures of naval actions, and portraits of the naval heroes of England. Nelson is the god of naval idolatry, as Wellington is for the army, and is pictured and statued in every imaginable form.

The Royal Observatory is in the great park, and on an eminence overlooking the whole valley of the river. It is by no means imposing in its appearance, but is the great focus of astronomical knowledge. The park itself is a noble one, containing nearly two hundred acres, full of majestic trees, and stocked with deer. It is free to the public, and is a delightful place of resort.

LETTER XVII.

National Gallery—House of Commons—British Museum—Magna Charta—First Bible—
Elgin Marbles—Cromwell.

LONDON, July 16, 1858.

Our remaining time in London was spent in visiting other places of interest, of which I cannot give any very definite or interesting impressions. Constant sight-seeing dulls the appetite for such things, and it requires the stimulant of some special object, or association with previous knowledge, to command your attention.

We passed a few hours at the National Gallery of Pictures in Trafalgar Square. The building and contents are the

property of the government, and are free to the public. We here saw for the first time the works of such world-renowned artists as Murillo, Raphael, Guido, Rubens, Titian, Correggio, Rembrandt, &c. Of all these artists Murillo is the most pleasing to the visitor who is uneducated in the technicalities of art, and his works are most beautiful in their designs and coloring. The landscapes of Rubens do not strike you at first sight, but rapidly grow upon your admiration. The portraits by Rembrandt are very peculiar, looking as though the subjects had had their faces blown up with gunpowder, but commanding your attention and admiration. There are other paintings in the hall attributed to him, which are in a quite different style, very smooth and beautiful.

Through the politeness of a friendly member, we obtained access to the House of Commons, while in regular session. The hall is a splendid one, and well adapted for the purpose; but the seats for the members were singularly plain, consisting of long lines of benches covered with green leather. The members appear to have no regular seats, except a general classification as to politics, and lounge around upon the benches with their hats on, in an easy and careless manner. The speaking was quite deliberate, and generally good. Lord John Russell is what would be called, in America, a smart-looking man, and made quite a long speech in a dignified and self-possessed manner. Lord Elcho is a young member, a good speaker, and evidently a rising man. Lords Palmerston and Stanley, Roebuck, Bulwer, and others, well known to public life, were present, but took no part in the debate. D'Israeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, consequently, the leader of the House, was calm and watchful, occasionally rising and briefly defending the government from the attacks of the opposition.

We spent one day in the British Museum, in Great Russell street, that immense gathering of wonders and curiosities. The library is a wonder to look upon, simply as a question of extent. Several large rooms are devoted exclusively to volumes of bound manuscripts. As it is impossible to look into the books, you content yourself with looking at them, as they stand on their almost endless shelves, and wondering who under the sun could have written them all. The collection of autographs is very extensive. There was the original copy of Magna Charta, almost obliterated by time; the original copy of the contract for the sale of the copyright of *Paradise Lost*, in the handwriting of John Milton; autographs of Shakspeare, Chauser, Spencer, Hampden, Cromwell, &c., with any quantity of autographs of royal nobodies. There were also specimens of ancient printing, books and bookbinding, very curious and interesting, among which was a copy of the first bible printed by Guttenberg. The collection of curiosities in all departments of natural science are so immense, that it is hopeless to attempt any description, or give any adequate idea of the amazing extent of the various departments. The collections of ancient marbles and sculptures, are astonishing for their number and variety, but I must own up to no particular admiration of mammoth figures in all stages of dilapidation—some minus a leg, some an arm, some a nose, and some without heads. The Elgin marbles are some of them, very fine and curious; but it would have been far better for old Lord Elgin to have left them where he found them, and saved his money and labor for a more useful purpose. If he had done so, we should not have had Lord Byron's "Curse of Minerva," of which this desecration was the subject.

Among the long row of unimportant portraits in the Museum, was one of Oliver Cromwell, the first we have met in

England, and probably admitted in this collection on the same principle as that of any notorious highwayman. It resembles the portrait usually seen of him, and its strong features and self-reliant expression look as though it might be a good likeness.

Very few memorials exist of the great men of the Commonwealth. The fine statue of John Hampden, in the Parliament House, a small monument and bust to John Pym, in Westminster Abbey, which seems to have attracted no attention, are the only memorials we have seen of that noble race of true Englishmen, brought into active life by that most justifiable of revolutions, which involved the just execution of the faithless Charles, and the unwilling assumption of the government by the great Protector. So long as Cromwell administered the government, it was with a singleness of purpose and energy of action, which exalted the nation above all previous experience. His untimely death threw the government back into the hands of the royalists, placing at its head the incapable and licentious Charles II., reducing the kingdom to the lowest ebb of political power and moral degradation. It was in his reign that the famous Dutch Admiral, Van Tromp, sailed with his fleet into the Thames as a mere bravado, frightening the imbecile Charles and his infamous court, almost out of their senses. Had this expedition been backed by a well-appointed army, the revolution of 1688 would have been anticipated, and the reign of the Stuarts summarily brought to an end.

We have, reluctantly, been obliged to omit many points of interest in and about London, which we may hereafter have occasion to regret; but we have seen quite as much in the time allotted to us as we can digest. The weather has been unusually fine for England, but we have not yet seen what *we*

call a bright, clear day. London is by no means a pleasant place of residence, the perpetual smoke and fog making it at all times disagreeable to a stranger. Its wonderful extent, and the variety of sights in and around it, will always make it interesting, and the resort of travelers from all parts of the world.

We leave to-morrow for Paris, and shall, for the first time, meet the serious embarrassments of a foreign country. The sights and wonders of the continent may eclipse those we have yet seen, but we shall always remember with pleasure our visit to England and Scotland, and the many new and kind friends we have met in the father land.

LETTER XVIII.

Paris—Custom House—Hotel du Louvre—Place de Carroussel—Tuilleries—Gardens—Place de Concorde—Column of Luxor—Champs Elysees—Chateau Chateaubriand—"On Your Own Hook"—Central Point.

PARIS, July 24, 1858.

We arrived at Paris, via Boulogne, on Saturday last, late in the evening. On arriving at the depot, all the passengers were ushered into one room, the baggage into another, and all regularly arranged for examination. The passengers were then admitted, each one opening his trunks for the officers. The forms were gone through with in a brief and business-like manner, and conducted with great politeness. A friend who left London the day before, had provided rooms for us at the Hotel du Louvre, which words we were able to repeat, and

were soon on our way in the right direction. It was near midnight when we got fairly into the streets, but the shops were many of them open, and the city presented a gay and lively appearance.

The Hotel du Louvre is situated on the Rue Rivoli, opposite the Louvre, and is the most extensive building for hotel purposes we have yet seen. We drove into a large paved court, where we were received by attendants who spoke English, and we were soon shown to our apartments. These we found large and showy, with no unusual real conveniences, but with very splendid bed and window-curtains, and four looking-glasses. A nice cold chicken, and other *et ceteras*, gave us a favorable impression of French cookery. In the morning we found our way to the breakfast-room, and obtained a very fair French breakfast, at about ten o'clock. The morning was fine, and we sallied out alone to make discoveries. The new palace of the Louvre is a continuation of the old palace, and is immediately in front of the hotel. We passed through a broad archway and found ourselves in the Place de Carroussel, which is the grand courtyard of the Louvre and the Palace of the Tuilleries. The buildings around this grand courtyard are enormous in their extent, and truly magnificent. They are all built of the very light gray stone which is so abundant at Paris, and has no superior in the world as a building stone; it is quite soft when taken out of the quarry, which gives great facility for preparing it for building purposes, and for the elaborate carving which is so common in all the best buildings in Paris. The carved work and statuary on the Louvre buildings is wonderful to look upon. The statues are likenesses, executed by the best artists, and are as life-like as statues can be. Those on the Rue Rivoli front, at the new grand entrance,

are of Napoleon's most celebrated marshals, while the front of the inner court is lined with statues of the great men of France of all ages. The front of the old palace at the Tuilleries is on this grand court, with a large enclosure in front extending entirely across. Farther on, in what is called the rear of the Tuilleries, which in elegance is quite equal to the front, are the celebrated palace gardens, now torn up adjacent to the palace, preparatory to the erection of additional buildings, and a re-organization of the whole. A part of the garden contains an almost dense forest, with wide, smooth walks, and occasional open spaces laid out in flower gardens, filled with the choicest flowers and statuary, making it a most beautiful resort on a summer's day. Passing through these grounds, we come to the Place de la Concorde, in which several wide avenues centre, somewhat similar to our Niagara Square. In the centre is the celebrated column of Luxor, the most perfect Egyptian column now in existence. It was brought from Egypt in 1833, and set up under the administration of Louis Phillippe.

At the angles made by the intersecting streets are large and splendid pieces of allegorical statuary, and on the north and south sides are very large fountains which are nearly all the time in action. From the centre of the square, near the column of Luxor, the view is very fine. Immediately in front, and in a straight line from the palace of the Tuilleries, is the Champs de Elysees, at the head of which grand avenue—which rises gradually all the way—is the Arch of Triumph, erected by Louis Phillippe, to commemorate the victories of France. On the right hand, through another wide avenue, is seen the Church of the Madeleine, the finest specimen of the architecture of modern times. On the left, at about the same distance, is the legislative palace, a much older, but

very splendid building, occupied by the French legislative assemblies.

The Place de la Concorde was formerly called the "Place de Revolution," and was used during that eventful period as the place of execution of political victims. Here Louis XVI and his Queen, Charlotte Corday, Danton, Robespierre, and myriads of others were executed, during the transition of the nation from the despotism of the Bourbons to the constitutional empire under the great Napoleon.

Towards evening we walked again on the Champs Elysees. Its appearance on a fine summer evening, is brilliant beyond description. It is apparently the resort of all Paris, men, women and children, a well dressed and well bred crowd. Sunday appears to be a special holiday, and in the evening theatres, open-air operas, circuses, pleasure gardens, &c., were in full operation, and refreshments were served all over the grounds in the open air. The avenue was filled with carriages of every description, and as all are required to carry lanterns, the flashing of the lights of the innumerable vehicles as they passed each other, had a brilliant effect.

The next day we succeeded, through the politeness of an American friend, residing in Paris, in obtaining excellent quarters at the Chateau Chateaubriand, on a street of the same name, and in a pleasant and quiet part of the city. It was built for the celebrated French author, who is well known in America by his published travels many years ago in our country, as well as by his general literary reputation. It is a fair specimen of a first class French chateau, with points and minarets in abundance, well arranged for a summer residence, and filled in all parts with a profusion of pictures and portraits in the old French style, belonging to the chateau, many of them very beautiful. It has a large courtyard fitted up like

a park, with trees, flowers and shrubbery, a neat little fountain, and a large green-house. Since the death of Chateaubriand, it has passed out of the hands of the family, and is now occupied as a private hotel, with especial reference to English and American people.

An attempt next day to go about "on your own hook" first brought home to us a realizing sense of being in a foreign country. Having trained ourselves in a few words of French, which we thought would enable us to get along with ordinary matters, we sallied out boldly. So far as walking about is concerned, all is well enough; but the moment you attempt to hold any intercourse with the people, you are all adrift. You want a little refreshment, and having, as you suppose, the names of a few articles, venture to go into one of the numerous attractive restaurants and ask for them. You find your accent is not quite right, and are asked an explanation, in French, which floors you effectually. After exhausting your ingenuity in signs and wretched French, you finally go and point out the particular articles which look especially tempting, which are brought to your little table; but on trying them you find they are not at all what you expected. Your polite and pretty female waiter is very attentive, and offers you as many articles as were let down in the sheet to St. Paul, but there is a mutual failure to understand, and you get along the best you can. When payment is to be made, there is another dead set, neither the words nor the coins being understood. You finally hold out a handful of coin, making signs for the attendant to help herself, which she readily understands; and you depart from the neat shop in profound ignorance of what you have been eating, or how much you have paid for it.

An attempt to go about by carriage is also quite an expe-

rience. You get, as you suppose, the precise name of the place you wish to go to, repeat it with confidence, and off you start. You find very soon that you are going in the wrong direction, and after a desperate but vain attempt to set coachee right, you give it up, and cry, "Palais Royal! Palais Royal!" which being a central point, is well understood, and you go back and take a fresh start. Finally, you secure the services of a civil commissioner, who goes about with you and smooths the way very comfortably.

LETTER XIX.

Gobelin Tapestries—Père la Chaise—City of the Dead—Flowers—Tomb of Abelard and Heloise—Place de Bastille—Column of July—Napoleon Column—Place de Vendôme.

PARIS, July 29, 1858.

Our first formal effort at sight seeing, was a visit to the manufactory of Gobelin Tapestry. We had seen some specimens of this work in England, which merely excited wonder that so much work should be bestowed upon what appeared to us very common pictures, and we were not prepared for the splendid exhibition in store for us. The manufactory is entirely a government affair, the work being all intended for the government palaces, and for occasional presents to foreign courts.

The buildings are by no means impressive, being composed of several adjoining buildings of various heights and sizes, but all enclosed with a high wall. The first room we were ushered into, contained what appeared to be a splendid

collection of pictures, so perfect in the drawing and exquisite in coloring, that you could hardly persuade yourself that it was tapestry. The designs are mostly historical and classical, those of a historical character generally illustrating the history of France. The portraits are exquisite, the coloring of the flesh, in particular, being perfectly life-like. The process of manufacturing is very interesting. The warp is vertical, the workmen sitting behind it, working from the bottom of the picture, with the copy or model on the wall behind him. In looking at these pictures in all stages of progress, you can scarcely believe it possible that such results can be thus produced, notwithstanding you see the work going on before your eyes. Portraits of the present Emperor and Empress are now in the hands of the artists. That of the Empress is nearly finished, the figure and face being quite complete, and a most beautiful picture it is. That of the Emperor is not so far advanced, the workmen being in the midst of his moustache.

From the Gobelins we proceeded to Pere la Chaise. This celebrated cemetery was laid out in the early part of the present century, and was the first successful attempt to make the burial place of the dead beautiful and attractive. It is situated in the eastern part of the city, on an eminence commanding an extensive view of the city and environs. The approach is through a long narrow street, full of shops for the sale of monuments, wreaths of flowers, and souvenirs of every variety of taste and poetic sentiment. The cemetery itself is truly a city of the dead, laid out in narrow paved streets, the burial places or vaults, being covered with neat little chapels, built closely together like rows of beautiful miniature marble houses. The chapels are fitted up in the usual Catholic style, many of them very beautiful, and some

of them exceedingly elegant and expensive. The doors are open iron railings, through which the whole can be seen by all visitors. The Jewish Cemetery contains some fine monuments, among which is one of the Rothschild family. The new monument to Rachel is very beautiful, and attracts much attention, having an abundance of memorials from her admirers. The little oblong pedestal in front of the monument, representing a vase of choice flowers, is very beautiful.

Every spot in the cemetery where flowers can be grown, is filled with them, leaving very narrow foot-paths for visitors. The celebrated tomb of Abelard and Heloise is usually the first visited, and is constantly surrounded with visitors. It was not built here, but removed to the cemetery many years ago. It is a large temple shaped tomb, with the figures of the celebrated lovers sculptured in marble, lying in the centre, and side by side. As you pass through the grounds, the names of great personages meet you at every turn, filling you with a strange feeling of awe at your apparent contiguity to individuals so well known in history. La Fontaine, Madame Cottier, Madame de Genlis, Fontenelle, Moliere, Marshal Macdonald, Massena, Davoust, Suchet, Lefevre, Junot, together with other great men of France, such as La Place, St. Pierre, Constant, Racine, &c., &c. There are also splendid monuments to General Foy, General Gobert, Casimir Perrier, &c., together with many still more magnificent, to various noble personages, never heard of with us. The burial place of Marshal Ney has no monument, but the enclosure is filled with choice flowers. No grave is more visited than this. His murder by the allies, after the fall of Napoleon, occasioned a special sympathy for him in the hearts of the French people, and his statue, or portrait, is found in every collection of the great military men of France, The portion of ground appro-

priated to the poor is very attractive. Single graves are furnished, the interments being closely side by side, the relatives making such demonstrations of affection as their circumstances will admit. Most of them have wooden crosses, with little wreaths and memorials hung upon them, giving to the whole ground a beautiful effect. Many of them have little plaster statues in the small enclosures, and frequently, in the case of children, little glass boxes, with the playthings, dolls, &c., of the departed child, very beautiful and touching.

On our return, we passed through the Place de Bastille, so thoroughly identified with the French Revolution. It is a large irregular square, in the centre of which is the column of July, erected to commemorate the Revolution of 1830. It is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and twelve feet in diameter. On the top is a large gilt figure, representing the genius of liberty. Beneath it are deposited the remains of the killed during the three days, being about five hundred in all, and whose names are all on the column. Being a memorial of the last monarchy, it is a little remarkable that it has been left undisturbed.

The great Napoleon column in the Place Vendome, is the finest and most distinctly marked of any in Paris. It was made from the cannon taken from the Russians and Austrians in the great campaign of 1805. The figure of the great Napoleon on the top, in his immortal military costume, is the figure which best represents him as he is enshrined in the hearts of the French people.

In passing through the streets, you are constantly meeting remarkable buildings and places, some curious for their antiquity, some very splendid in their architecture, and all with a history to them, if we had time to investigate, but want of time and ignorance of the language compel us to pass

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them by with a casual glance of admiration. To-morrow is the day for visiting the Hotel Invalides, of which we shall not fail to avail ourselves.

LETTER XX.

Hotel des Invalides—Tomb of Napoleon—Musée d'Artillerie—Hotel de Ville—Notre Dame
St. Germain d'Auxerre—The Louvre—Works of Art.

PARIS, July 30, 1858.

Our next visit was to the Hotel des Invalides, one of the grandest institutions in France, and perhaps in the world. It was built in the reign of Louis XIV. as an asylum for military invalids, and has never been diverted from its original purpose. The number of old veterans in and about the building and grounds, is very great, all in neat blue uniforms, and looking very respectable and happy. It is well worthy of a visit in all its departments, but the great subject of interest is now the tomb of Napoleon, under the great dome of which his remains now repose. On entering this mighty edifice from the Place Vauban, the magnificence of all its surroundings fills you with surprise and awe. Nothing we have yet seen, compares with it in the completeness of its details, or the grandeur of its associations. No adequate idea of it can be communicated by language.

The remains of the great emperor are not yet actually under the dome, the preparations for their reception not being fully completed. They are in a side crypt, through the entrance to which the sarcophagus is plainly to be seen, with the immortal

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chapeau at its head. On the days set apart for visitors it is full of people, walking reverently about, gazing with silent awe upon the sarcophagus of the emperor, or, with uplifted eye, upon the lofty and gorgeous dome. No man who ever lived has had such funeral honors, or such a magnificent mausoleum.

From the Invalides we proceeded to the Musée d'Artillerie, an institution devoted to the preservation of arms and warlike curiosities of all nations, similar in many respects to the Tower of London. The quantity and variety of ancient and modern instruments of warfare is wonderful, far exceeding that of the Tower. The collection of curious ancient firearms is very rich, and the finish of some of them most elaborate; some are richly mounted with diamonds, some with pearls, ivory and gold, most wonderful and curious. There are also models of all the tools and machinery used in the manufacture of arms and the processes of manufacture as now conducted.

The Hotel de Ville is the great palace of the city of Paris, and although identified with nearly all great national events, has always been its property. The building occupies a full square, fronting upon the Place du Greve, and is a grand specimen of architecture. Like most public buildings in Paris, its front is lined with statues of the great men of France, of full size and perfect execution. The palace is open to the public on certain days, and on the day we were there was full of visitors. They are taken through in parties by one of the attendants, who, in each room, described its contents, and any other subject of interest connected with it. The rooms where the grand balls and fetes of the city are held, are most gorgeous, the paintings of the ceilings in particular, are wondrous to look upon, and the furniture, and all the details of the grand apartments are in a style of magnificence of

which no idea can be given. The last grand fete held in these rooms was given to Queen Victoria, on the occasion of her visit to Paris in 1855. More than ten thousand persons in full dress are said to have been in attendance at one of these fetes. The palace is full of splendid paintings, many of them illustrative of the history of Napoleon I., among which is the picture by Lehmann of Napoleon in his coronation robes.

The cathedral of Notre Dame is on the Isle of Paris, near the Hotel de Ville. It is the oldest church site known in France, one having been built there as early as the fourth century. The foundations of the present edifice were laid about the year 1000, and the present name then given. It has had many enlargements and alterations, but the front remains substantially as originally built. Viewed from the opposite side of the square, which it fronts, it is a most venerable and impressive pile of architecture. Its two great square towers, and the numerous buttresses, covered with quaint and singular carvings and sculpture, give it an appearance of antique and majestic strength. The grand arched entrances, and indeed the whole front, is covered with statues and sculpture, wonderful to behold. The whole edifice is now undergoing repairs, and is to be restored as near as possible to its original form. The interior is, therefore, in no condition to be seen to advantage. The number of fine pictures and highly ornamented altars in the church is very great.

We also visited the church of St. Germain d'Auxerre, situated near the Louvre. It is a very ancient church, and has been the scene of many stirring events in the history of France. It was the great bell of this church which sounded the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholmew in 1572. It has a singular and unchurchlike appearance from the front, the

the portico and arched entrances, being covered with elaborate and beautiful paintings and statuary. The interior is very beautiful, containing numerous pictures and side altars highly ornamented. The number of paintings and statuary in all parts of the building is wonderful. It was nearly destroyed by a mob in 1831, but has been fully repaired, and is now one of the most attractive in Paris.

The Louvre is centrally situated, easy of access, and its world-wide reputation fills it constantly with visitors from all quarters of the world. It would be fruitless to attempt any description of its splendid architecture, or innumerable works of art. You wander through its almost endless suites of grand apartments, filled with paintings and sculpture of the highest order, until you are quite surfeited and bewildered with bright and beautiful figures. All the great masters are here represented, some of which equal, and many disappoint your expectations. The great paintings of Rubens, to which is devoted nearly the whole of one of the largest rooms, are by no means pleasing to look upon. The allegories are obscure, and the figures large and unnatural, and painted in the brightest of colors. I confess, also, to no appreciation of many of the works of the great masters.

Those of Poussin, Claude Lorraine, Cuyp, and especially Murillo, come quite up to my expectations, while some pictures, by artists whose names I never before heard, gave me especial pleasure. I have often heard young painters in America express a strong desire to visit the Louvre. Such a visit would be more likely to throw them into despair. If, after going over these miles of pictures, they could hope to produce anything original, either in design or execution, they must have the organs of self-esteem and approbateness largely developed. You are constantly meeting young artists, both male and

female, engaged in copying pictures, and, to my uncultivated taste, the copies were frequently quite equal to the originals.

One of the great features of Paris is the freedom of access to all public institutions and galleries of art. The perpetual feeling of attendants, which annoys you so much in England, is quite unknown in France. There appear to be no private institutions of this description; all belong to the government, kept in perfect order at its expense, and the attendants are very polite and intelligent. The same is the case with all public parks and grounds. It is not surprising that the Frenchman is proud of Paris, or that foreigners should become fascinated with its attractions. The crowd of well-dressed and well-bred people in the streets, parks and boulevards, on a fine summer evening, is a great attraction in itself. Nearly all partake of refreshment in the open air, on the sidewalks, or under the trees. Little parties are sitting around the small tables, partaking of their light and dainty refreshments, apparently in a state of perfect enjoyment.

The works of art accessible to all, the splendid architecture of both public and private buildings, the numerous columns, arches and monuments in all parts of the city, the profusion of parks filled with choice flowers, and in the most tasteful arrangement, must exercise a refining influence upon the manners and customs of the people, which exhibits itself in all their intercourse with each other, and with foreigners, as well as in the fanciful and tasteful arrangement of the shops, cafés and dwellings.

LETTER XXI.

Versailles—Louis XIV.—Its Origin—Parks—Gardens—Fountains—Grand Trianon—State Carriages—Palace—Picture Gallery—Napoleon in England.

PARIS, July 31, 1858.

We have spent a day at Versailles, but to have done it full justice, would have required two or three days. This celebrated palace is situated about twelve miles from Paris, and is reached by both steam and horse railways. We took the latter, which passes along the banks of the Seine, and through the suburbs of Passy, celebrated as the residence of Dr. Franklin, while minister to the court of France during our revolution.

Versailles was anciently a royal hunting-ground, and the great palace now standing, which for many years was the residence of the court, was built by Louis XIV., the great Bourbon monarch, under whose reign the ancient monarchy of France reached its highest pitch of grandeur and power. He appears to have been a man of great executive ability, combined with an inordinate love of display and splendid expenditure. Under his reign the power of the Bourbons culminated. His successor, Louis XV., lived through his reign in the enjoyment of the splendid surroundings created by his father, a life of easy luxury; while his son and successor, Louis XVI., an inefficient and incapable man, suffered the penalty of the folly and wickedness of his father and grandfather. The seeds of the revolution of '89 were undoubtedly sown during the brilliant reign of Louis XIV. The abuses and oppressions necessary to carry out his grand conceptions, were continued by Louis XV., and finally drove the people of France to desperation and revolution in the reign of Louis XVI.

A visit to Versailles and a survey of its magnificent palace and grounds, the expense of which, under Louis XIV. alone, has been computed at two hundred million dollars, all ground out of the labor of the people to pamper the luxury of one man, will give some new ideas to those persons who have suffered themselves to be deceived by royal denunciations of the French revolution of 1789.

The approach to Versailles is through a broad avenue, lined with trees, still under the old system of trimming, being trimmed in straight lines, making them as flat and very much the shape of a flounder. The area in front of the palace is immense, and on each side are circular ranges of buildings, which might be palaces in any other place, but were built for stables, and are now barracks for soldiers. The entrance is through the great courtyard, in the midst of which is a colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV., and around which are statues of various great men of France. The passage leads directly through to the grounds in the rear. You have now before you the splendid gardens and fountains of Versailles, and notwithstanding the sights you have previously seen, you are struck with amazement. The splendid fountains, the grand canal constructed for no other purpose than to create a water view, and a place for mimic naval fights, the superb orangery and flower-garden, the grand avenues lined with double rows of trees, the lodges in various parts—palaces in themselves—the infinite number and variety of temples, statuary, &c., and, to crown all, the magnificent interior of the palace itself, form a concentration of luxurious splendor which quite throws in the shade all previous experience in this description of sight-seeing.

The Grand Trianon, in the gardens, is a palace filled with splendid memorials of old Bourbon times, while one portion

of it, fitted up and occupied by Napoleon I., in its simple completeness, is in marked contrast to the gorgeousness of the royal apartments. Near by is the collection of state carriages; several of them were used by Napoleon I.; but the grand display of all is the carriage built for the coronation of Charles X. in 1825, who was driven from his throne in 1830; it was but once used by him, and after thirty years of idleness, has been repaired for the use of Napoleon III; it certainly excels in splendor anything we have ever before conceived in the shape of carriage architecture.

We now went to the palace itself, the center of all these wonderful attractions. We first passed through long halls, filled with a profusion of statuary, to the great halls and picture galleries. It is proper to state, that in 1792, during the revolution, the palace was confiscated, and the contents sold as public property. It was partially restored by Napoleon, but remained in a state of comparative neglect till the reign of Louis Phillippe. That monarch projected the design of making it a gallery for memorials of the glories of France. It was repaired at an expense of about three millions of dollars, and the finest artists in the world employed to illustrate its history. The result has been a picture gallery unequalled for splendor, and with a systematic arrangement of design and execution, which comprises the whole history of France, from Clovis to the recent Russian war. The freshness and splendor of this wondrous series of historical pictures cannot be described, and the dingy and artificial pictures of the old masters dwindle into insignificance when compared with these vivid and life-like pictures of actual events.

The series of pictures illustrating the wonderful career of Napoleon I. was to us the most interesting, from our familiarity with its brilliant history. The contrast between the appear-

ance of Napoleon as colonel in 1792, and as emperor in 1806, is most striking, and his gradual development in the series very interesting. Portraits and statues of the great marshals of his empire abound; and, indeed, it would appear as if the memory of every great man of France was here perpetuated in painting or marble. How artists could be found to execute in so short a time, such an immense collection, is not the least of its wonders. The series of pictures painted by Horace Vernet, is an amazing exhibition of genius and industry. It is said that he executed them without assistance, which you can scarcely believe possible, when you look upon their great number and marvelous detail. One of them is nearly one hundred feet long, and occupies an entire side of one of the great apartments. The number of pictures in other parts of the palace is wonderful for their extent and profusion. The great men of all nations are remembered. Pictures of nearly all our Presidents are there, and also portraits of Clay, Calhoun, Webster, &c; the portrait of John Quincy Adams is one of the best ever painted. The English nation are represented by a large number of portraits of eminent men, among which is one of Nelson, one of the most bitter and vindictive enemies of France. How marked the contrast with England in this particular. In all our travels in England we met with no picture of Napoleon, or any other great man of France, in any public collection. A miserable plaster bust of Napoleon, in a public garden, and a wax figure of the emperor at Madame Tussaud's, are the only memorials we saw in England of the greatest man of modern times.

LETTER XXII.

The Luxembourg—Statues—Grand Saloon—Gallery of Busts—Marshal Ney—Paintings—Gardens—The Pantheon—Its Dome—View from the top of the Dome—Crypts.

PARIS, August 6, 1858.

The Palace of Luxembourg is one of the oldest of the palaces of Paris, having been built by Mary de Medicis, about 1615. It is a fine specimen of palace architecture, symmetry and strength being its most striking features. In these particulars the architecture of the French public buildings is singularly uniform, and has changed but little for several centuries. The steep, square finish of the roofs, as seen in the old Tuilleries, are still substantially the same, affording great opportunity for varying the style of carving and sculpture, but retaining the same general appearance.

The Luxembourg is surrounded with historical associations. To say nothing of Mary de Medicis and the old regime, this palace was the place of meeting of the Directory, and afterwards for the consuls under the consulate. The spirit of Napoleon I., in the vigor of his early manhood, pervades the whole place, and is represented in the elaborate finishing and furnishing of the whole palace. The first room we entered contained statues of great men of Greece and Rome—Aristides, Solon, Pericles, Cicero, Cincinnatus, etc.; also a bust of General Laplace, the first president of the senate under the empire. You then pass through another room filled with paintings and statuary, prominent among which is the full length statue of the Emperor in his coronation robes; and are finally introduced into the grand saloon, decorated in the most gorgeous manner, in the centre of which is the throne, as

occupied by him. The paintings are superb, illustrating great events in his wonderful career, so striking and life-like as to render quite superfluous the voluble descriptions of the polite attendant. There other paintings in the farther part of the hall, illustrating more recent events, in which the figure of the present Emperor is conspicuous; also some pieces of sculpture of the finest marble, and the most exquisite workmanship we have ever yet seen.

The Gallery of Busts is filled with busts of the great generals and statesmen of the first empire, and leads to the senate chamber. This is a grand semi-circular hall, with a vaulted roof, supported by superb columns, and ornamented with splendid allegorical paintings. Between the columns behind the chair of the president, are statues of celebrated senators, and in other parts of the hall are statues of St. Louis, Charlemagne, and Marshals Massena, Lannes, St. Cyr and Mortier. The seats of the senators rise gradually one above another, with the name of each on his desk, similar to our own, and looking very convenient and business-like. In this hall the infamous farce of the trial and condemnation of Marshal Ney was enacted; and at the end of the long avenue in the gardens, and in sight of the palace, this "bravest of the brave," the "man who fought a hundred battles for his country, and not one against her," was taken out and shot like a dog. We were not able to obtain access to the library, which is said to be very complete and elegantly arranged.

In the palace is a gallery of paintings, called the Gallery of Modern Art, in which are exhibited the great works of living artists, making a splendid collection. It seems scarcely possible, after viewing the great galleries of the Louvre and Versailles, that another equally great in splendid specimens of the art could be found. There is also a fine collection of

statuary, both marble and bronze, and several rooms filled with engravings, drawings, &c., some of them exquisitely beautiful. In the gallery of paintings were quite a number of artists, copying the various pictures, among which were no less than five copying the great painting of the Hayfield, by Rosa Bonheur.

The gardens of the Luxembourg are not the least of its great attractions. They were laid out at the time the palace was built, and retain substantially the same arrangement. It is full of statuary, fountains, splendid flowers and shrubbery, long avenues of trees, growing so straight, and in such exact lines, as to seem scarcely possible to be natural. Like all parks and gardens in Paris, it is free to the public, and was filled with groups of people, especially women and children, and more particularly the latter, who appeared to be enjoying to the utmost the liberty of the beautiful gardens.

From the Luxembourg we went to the Pantheon, which is near by, and found, as we anticipated, a magnificent structure. It was built for the purpose of making a grand memorial place for the great men of France, and especially those of the first revolution and empire. It has, however, since been turned into a church, though yet retaining its form and general arrangement, giving to it, in some respects, an incongruous appearance. It will, however, always be known and visited as the Pantheon. The front is majestic in its proportions, supported by corinthian columns, and in the pediment, a composition in bas relief, representing France dispensing honors to her great men. Among these Napoleon and his companions are conspicuous, together with Fenelon, Rousseau, Voltaire, La Fayette, Carnot, &c.,—men of the widest difference of personal opinion, but here all recognized as great men. The interior is on the grandest scale, the great dome being the

largest and highest in Paris; the eye can scarcely take in its immense height and grand proportions. The paintings in the dome are on the same splendid scale, perfect proportion and adaptation to their position. The building is full of paintings, statuary, columns, &c., all on a grand scale; the number of columns alone, in various parts of the building, being over two hundred and fifty.

We worked our way, through the almost interminable winding stairways, to the highest accessible part of the dome, nearly five hundred steps in all, and, notwithstanding the great fatigue in a warm day, were well repaid for the labor. The edifice itself is on one of the highest points in Paris, and the dome is two hundred and sixty feet above the pavement. The view is, therefore, nearly a birds-eye view of the whole city and its environs, and a more magnificent view, in a fine day, can scarcely be imagined.

We also went into the crypts below, and saw the several tombs and monuments now remaining. The tombs of La Grange, Admirals Bougainville and De Winter, Soufflot, the architect of the building, Marshal Lannes, and others of less note, are here; but we were specially interested in the tombs of Rousseau and Voltaire. In the tomb of Rousseau, the door is represented partly open, and a hand thrust out, holding a lighted flambeau, symbolizing the light of his work to future generations. In the crypt with the tomb of Voltaire, is Houdon's statue of him—the features like the published pictures, but more human and better looking. Mirabeau and Marat were also buried here, but their remains, and all memorials of them, have been removed.

LETTER XXIII.

Sevres and its Porcelain—Palace of St. Cloud—Diogenes' Lantern—Avenues—Chateau—
Chapel St. Ferdinand—Duke of Orleans.

PARIS, August 1, 1858.

The celebrated manufactory of China at Sevres, is situated about six miles from Paris, on the road to Versailles, and near the palace of St. Cloud. It was originally a private manufactory, but was purchased by the government about one hundred years ago, and has since remained its property. The building now occupied by the works, were erected by Louis XV.

We were first ushered into the show rooms, where the articles manufactured are exhibited and offered for sale, with the price plainly marked upon each article. These are of all descriptions, from small articles at a few francs, to the most splendid table and tea services at from three to four thousand dollars. Besides these, are superb works of art, vases, figures, cabinets, busts, &c., in infinite variety. But the most wonderful of all are the paintings upon the china, copied from the most celebrated pictures, and with a perfectness of coloring and shading most astonishing. You can scarcely believe your senses when you look upon these superb pictures, and are assured that they are painted and burnt in the china, with such perfect and beautiful results. There are copies from Michael Angelo, Titian, Guido, Raphael, including a portrait of the last named, which are absolutely perfect. Also copies of Poussin's landscapes, which, if possible, are still more wonderful. The prices fixed upon these splendid works of art, are from five to ten thousand dollars. There are also

specimens of stained glass in great variety and profusion. How the establishment "pays," is a mystery. None but princes and millionaires can afford to purchase these magnificent works, while common and useful articles are made equally well at much less prices by the private manufacturers of France. The museum contains an immense collection of china ware and pottery from all quarters of the world, all properly classified and labeled. Some of them are exquisite works of art, and from quarters of the world where you would least expect it, while the common works of the art are fully represented. We were a little taken aback by the specimens from the United States, which were but little more than a collection of modern stone ware.

There are models of all the vases and other fine articles ever made at the works, also of every description of china made in all parts of the world, showing a complete history of the progress of the art. Some of the models of vases, &c., from ancient times, were superb works of art in themselves; most of the early specimens have a heavy and clumsy appearance, and although wonderful as works of art, could have been of little practical use.

From Sevres we walked through the grounds of the palace of St. Cloud, which are near by, and a beautiful walk it was. The chateau and grounds were originally private property, but were purchased by Louis XIV., more than one hundred years ago, and has since been a favorite residence for the kings and rulers of France, under all its various dynasties. It is now occupied by the present Emperor and Empress. The estate is upon the first high ground from Paris in that direction; and upon a high point or bluff facing the city, is a high handsome column erected by Napoleon I., and which is called by the singular name of Diogenes' Lantern. From

this point the view of the whole city of Paris and suburbs, together with the valley of the Seine is beautiful and commanding. The great avenues of trees also come together at this point, and the view through the long vistas created by the noble old trees is very fine. The grounds and parks were covered with groups of happy looking young girls and children, who make this beautiful spot a sort of pic-nic ground.

The chateau (as it is usually called) being occupied at this time by the family of the Emperor, visitors were not admitted. It is not large as compared with other royal residences, but has a compact home-like aspect, which, with its contiguity and ease of access to and from Paris, is doubtless the secret of its continued popularity. It was occupied by Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Marie Louise, and now by the present Empress Eugenie. Queen Victoria, when on her visit to Paris in 1855, occupied a suite of rooms in the chateau, and was so delighted with it, that she refused to pass a night in any other place. Many important political events are connected with St. Cloud; the most important were those of the 18th Brumaire, which resulted in the elevation of Napoleon to the head of the government, and it was subsequently his favorite residence. The fountains and artificial cascades are on a great scale, and when in full action must be magnificent. This is usually done every alternate Sunday in the summer, and of course attracts large crowds of people from the city.

On our return to the city we drove to the chapel of St. Ferdinand, erected by Louis Phillippe to the memory of his eldest son and heir apparent, the Duke of Orleans, who was thrown from his carriage near this spot in 1842. He was carried into a small building occupying the site of the present chapel, and died in a few hours. It is a beautiful specimen of chapel architecture, and, from its associations, one of the

most melancholy and affecting. The Prince was a superior man in many respects, and extremely popular with the French people. His untimely death was fatal to the house of Louis Philippe,—no son of his possessing equal capacity, or commanding the confidence of the nation.

The chapel is about fifty feet in length by twenty feet high, built in Gothic style, in form of a mausoleum. The interior is fitted up throughout in fine taste. On the right of the altar, is a group in marble, representing the dying Prince, with the figure of an angel at his head, kneeling in the attitude of prayer. This last figure was executed by his sister, Marie, who was a superior artist in marble. The windows are of beautifully stained glass, representing different saints, all in fine taste. In the rear of the altar is the room where he died, plainly but neatly furnished. On the wall is a picture representing the death scene. The dying figure of the Prince, surrounded by his grief-stricken family, among whom are his father and mother, forms one of the most inexpressibly affecting pictures of domestic grief. In a house in the enclosure are two clocks cased in black marble, one fixed at the moment the prince was thrown from his carriage, and the other at the moment of his death.

LETTER XXIV.

Jardin des Plants—Cuvier—Dr. Gall—Museum—Halle aux Vins—Bois de Boulogne
Artificial Lakes and Cascades—Grounds.

PARIS, August 8, 1858.

The Jardin des Plants (Garden of Plants,) is one of the oldest of the institutions of Paris, having been commenced in 1635, and commands the attention of every visitor. It was well cared for by the government for the first century of its existence, but it was not until Buffon was placed at its head, that it assumed its present important character. The first revolution which shattered so many of the old institutions did not affect it, except to cause it to fall into neglect. Under Napoleon it was again placed upon its former footing, and after narrowly escaping destruction from the vandalism of the allied troops, when in the occupancy of Paris in 1815, it is now the most complete institution of the kind in the world.

The name "Garden of Plants" gives a very limited idea of this great institution. The menagerie, now forming such an important and attractive feature, was not commenced for many years after its establishment, and the other departments were gradually added, as the right men appeared to organize them. The departments, fully organized, are: 1. The botanical department, which embraces the garden proper. 2. The menagerie of animals and birds. 3. Cabinet of natural history. 4. Cabinet of comparative anatomy. 5. Cabinet of anthropology. 6. Lecture Hall, with laboratories, where lectures are given on every branch of science connected with the institution. All these, including the regular lectures, are free to the public. It would require many weeks to examine

in detail all these various departments, and visitors are obliged to content themselves with such a survey as can be made in passing slowly through the several departments, trusting to fortune in having the attention drawn to the objects of most interest. The cabinet of comparative anatomy will attract the most attention; it was projected and completed by Baron Cuvier, and the wonderful skill, labor, sagacity and science displayed in its arrangement, will strike every one with astonishment. In one of the rooms are the original casts of heads taken by Dr. Gall, when pursuing his investigations in the science of phrenology. Connected with this cabinet is that of anthropology, which is quite as complete; here are skeletons of all the varieties of the human race, comparatively arranged, together with a large collection of drawings, executed for the purpose of showing the peculiarities of features, complexion, &c., of each race.

The museum of mineralogy and geology is in a large building erected for that purpose, and is on the same complete scale as the other departments. The arrangement of the minerals, as well as that of the botanical department, will strike every visitor with its beauty and completeness. The gardens are generally full of people, the animals forming a great attraction, but the museums are at all times well filled with visitors.

Near the Gardens, is the "Halle aux Vins," or the great wine market of Paris, which is well worthy of a visit. The market place is an old one, but the present buildings were commenced by Napoleon, and completed after the return of Louis XVIII. This great market is near half a mile in length, fronting on the quay, and about one thousand feet in depth. It is arranged in regular streets, named after the great wine-producing countries. The buildings are of heavy stone, one

story high, with a second story raised in the centre of each, so as to leave a wide, open air balcony. The vaults below the buildings are of almost interminable extent. We went in by the light of lanterns, till it appeared as if we should never see daylight again. Each wine merchant has his vault, and here all the wine and spirits sold at wholesale in the city, must be stored and delivered when sold. It is wonderful for its extent, and for the completeness of all its arrangements, every precaution being taken to secure accurate measurement, and to prevent frauds in the sale of the articles.

One of the greatest attractions of Paris is the now celebrated "Bois de Boulogne." It adjoins the city on its western side, and is certainly the most extensive and beautifully designed and executed promenade and drive in the world. The extent of drives, walks, woods, lawns, &c., in this grand park are almost incalculable. The whole population of Paris might be within its limits, without making a greater crowd than is usually in the Champs Elysees on a fine evening. The roads are perfectly smooth, not a stone, nor an inequality to be seen, the grading perfect, water draining off as soon as fallen, water carried into all parts, and in warm days every particle of dust is kept down by systematic watering.

The woods are young, the whole forest as it existed previous to 1815 having been cut down to make palisades for the defence of the city, when approached by the allied army. After the fall of the city, it was occupied as a camp-ground by the British army. The territory was long neglected, and became notorious as a place for duels and suicides. Its improvement is of comparatively recent date, and principally under the present emperor. The grounds are the property of the city of Paris.

There are several artificial lakes and cascades, one of which,

in the western part of the grounds, and called the Cascade de Long Champs, is the greatest success in that line we have yet met. It is nearly fifty feet in height. The water falls over a ledge of rocks, which it is difficult to believe to be artificially arranged. It is divided into several cascades, the centre one being quite a sheet of water. You pass behind the sheet, and through various passages, made of the worn and irregular boulders found in the forest of Fontainebleau, so naturally fitted together, that it seems scarcely possible to have been done by human hands. The water to supply all these lakes and cascades, is brought in pipes for several miles.

The grounds are a great resort for the people of Paris, being filled in fine weather with crowds of splendid equipages and fashionably-dressed people, together with numberless well-dressed pedestrians, of both sexes, and especially children. The little lakes, with their beautiful islands, and tasteful summer-houses, are a great attraction.

LETTER XXV.

Bibliothèque Impériale—Books, Manuscripts, Medals, &c.—Reading Room—Hotel des Monnaies—Robespierre—Collection of Dies—Imitation Jewelry.

PARIS, August 10, 1858.

The Bibliothèque Impériale (Imperial Library) is the oldest library in France, and in its present extent and detail, one of the largest and most valuable in the world. It has always been a national institution, commencing with a few manuscripts of the time of St. Louis, and up to the time of Charles V., scarcely consisted of a dozen volumes. Under Charles V. it was increased by gifts and purchases to nine hundred volumes. In the time of Francis I. (1544) it reached about two thousand volumes, nearly half of which were printed. It was gradually increased under several succeeding monarchs to Louis XIV., and contained at his death about seventy thousand volumes. The steady systematic patronage of successive kings and rulers, has brought it to its present state of unrivalled perfection. The buildings are the most ancient of any of the public buildings we have yet seen, and are situated on the Rue Richelieu in the heart of the city. It is free to the public twice a week, and to students and literati every day. The institution is divided into six departments as follows: 1. Library of printed books. 2. Manuscripts. 3. Medals and ancient gems. 4. Engravings. 5. Maps and globes. 6. Zodiac and antique marbles.

The great library of printed books is wonderful to look at, which is all we could do. The rooms are very large, and the books are handsomely bound; room after room, and hall after hall, are filled with them, in such profusion as to surprise you,

in spite of your recent experience at the British Museum. In one of the halls are specimens of book-printing from the earliest date to 1800, showing the gradual progress of the art. There is also a very large collection of the autographs of celebrated men—St. Vincent de Paul, Voltaire, Rousseau, Moliere, Corneille, Racine, &c., also, Lord Byron, Washington, Franklin, &c.

The rooms appropriated to manuscripts are very large, and the number preserved quite amazing. They are nearly all bound in volumes in a uniform style. The cabinet of medals and antique gems is also wonderful for its extent and beauty, many of them being exceedingly rare and curious; the number is said to be nearly one hundred and fifty thousand. The department of maps and plans is said to contain over three hundred thousand maps, charts, plans, views, &c. In this department were many persons employed in copying. The department of engraving is also very large, containing more than a million and a half of specimens, nearly one hundred thousand of which are portraits. The gallery of ancient sculpture was extensive, but much more curious than beautiful. There are in one of the halls, models in china of the two celebrated Porcelain towns in Nankin; also an elaborate piece of bronze work, called the French Parnassus, covered with figures, representing the men of genius of France, each occupying an elevation according to his merit. In all the commotions of the several revolutions in France, this institution was always respected, not a book, manuscript, medal or coin was ever disturbed.

In walking around, we came to the reading-room, through the glass partition of which, we saw a large number of persons engaged in reading and copying from books, quite a number of whom were females. This crowd of people we took to be

the Parisian literati, engaged in the operation of "stuffing" with reference to their daily occupation. In looking at them so busily and silently employed, we were reminded of Irving's beautiful and humorous sketch of his visit to a similar "pre-serve" in the British Museum.

From the Library we went to the Hotel des Monnaies (the Mint.) This institution is on the east side of the river, fronting the Seine, and is a grand and appropriate building. The workshops were not open the day we were there, but we had free access to the museum. This consists of coins and medals from the days of Charlemagne to the present time, a collection wonderful for its extent and perfect classification. The French have always been famous for medals, struck upon all public occasions or events, and the tracing of them down, will give a tolerably good key to the records of events and great personages in French history. The number struck in the reign of Louis XIV. was very great, while those of the consulate and empire number by hundreds. The present emperor is filling up the cases with considerable vigor. The memorials of Napoleon I. are numerous, and very interesting. The colossal bust executed by Canova, a cast taken from his face soon after his death at St. Helena, a model of the column in the Place Vendome, with the statue of the emperor in his coronation robes, as it originally existed, &c., &c.; the present one in his ordinary costume is, however, far more striking and appropriate.

Among the medals is one of Robespierre, executed during his brief career of power. The collection of original dies for all these medals is in the upper room, and is astonishing for its extent and the order of arrangement. The oldest of these dies is of the date of 1461, and the collection for the past three hundred years is very nearly perfect. There are perfect

working models of all the machinery and tools used in the workshop, and of every material used in the manufacture and detail of the work. It is a remarkable feature in the policy of the French government, that all the gold and silver worked up by goldsmiths and jewelers, must first be assayed and stamped at the mint, and cannot be sold without this process. The shops which deal in imitation jewelry, must have a plain sign stating the fact. All this is done for the purpose of preventing frauds in the business. The imitation jewelry shows in the windows quite as brilliantly as the genuine, and were it not for this protection, the frauds would be enormous.

LETTER XXVI.

Fontainebleau—Napoleon—The Golden Gate—Madame de Maintenon—The Parks and Gardens—The Forest—The Hermitage—Rocks.

PARIS, August 12, 1858.

We have just returned from a visit to the palace and forest of Fontainebleau. This celebrated palace is situated about thirty-six miles from Paris, and is reached in a two hours' ride on the Lyons railway. It is one of the most ancient of the royal residences, a chateau having existed there as early as the twelfth century. The present chateau was built by Francis I., about 1530, and was a favorite residence of that monarch and his successors to Louis XIV., several of whom made large additions and improvements. When Louis XIV. transferred the court to Versailles, it fell into neglect, and the forest was only used as an occasional hunting ground. It was

restored to some extent by Napoleon, and was frequently occupied by him during the first empire. The town which grew up around it under the old monarchy, is an ancient and quiet-looking place, said to contain from nine to ten thousand inhabitants. The historical associations connected with Fontainebleau, are numerous and interesting. To say nothing of those associated with the ancient monarchy, which are prominent in its history, the palace is identified with many striking events in the career of Napoleon. It was here that the divorce between the Emperor and Josephine was pronounced, in 1809. In 1812 the Pope was here detained in a sort of semi-captivity, remaining about eighteen months. In 1814, Napoleon here signed his abdication, and, in the great courtyard in front, took leave of the imperial eagles; about a year after this event, on his return from Elba, he here reviewed the troops which he led triumphantly to Paris.

After the final fall of Napoleon, the palace again fell into neglect until the reign of Louis Philippe, who, soon after his accession to power, commenced a complete renovation, with reference to restoring it as near as possible to its ancient splendor.

In front of the great courtyard is the golden-gate, as it is called. The fence is a very high iron one, with its spear-headed pickets richly gilt. The gate is in the centre, highly ornamented and gilded, the golden eagles on either side, placed there by Napoleon, and removed during the restoration, having been replaced. The approach to the palace through this grand courtyard is very impressive, the ancient and peculiar French style of its architecture, the singular horse-shoe form of the great staircase, being quite different from anything we have yet seen. The usual entrance is at the door under and between this grand staircase, and you are immediately intro-

duced into the series of rooms of the palace. The vestibule itself is a splendid room, the carvings of the doors in particular being very elaborate and magnificent. The number of splendid suites of rooms, and grand halls through which you are conducted, are too numerous and various to be even enumerated. Many of them contain pictures and memorials of the old monarchy, the furniture, tapestry, &c., being very superb. The present empress has a suite of rooms most gorgeously furnished, the sleeping-room in particular, being furnished with embroidered hangings in magnificent style, but in fine taste, and having an aspect of rich comfort. The apartments occupied by Madame de Maintenon, the mistress of Louis XIV., are also shown, more compact and ancient than those of the empress, but very splendid. There are many memorials of the great emperor; the room where he signed his abdication, the table upon which it was drawn up, his writing-desk, and the sleeping-room occupied by him, still having the same furniture. The great halls, reception rooms, galleries and passages, are all ornamented in the most splendid manner, the ceilings in particular are painted by the best artists, or finished in wood gorgeously carved and gilt. The great hall of Francis I. is being thoroughly renovated, and workmen are employed in various parts of the palace, in what appeared to be a general repair. In one room we were shown the place where Count Monaldeschi was murdered by his mistress, Queen Christine of Sweden, while on a visit to the palace—one of the most bloody and atrocious murders on record.

The parks and gardens are on a grand scale. At the first view, they look square and formal, the whole being laid out in the ancient style, the trees of the avenues trimmed to specific forms, but they are on such a magnificent scale, the flowers so profuse and superb, the grand lakes and fountains

so beautiful, the avenues leading into the forests lined with trees, and so long that the sight is lost in the distance, all produce one of the most magnificent sights in the world.

After passing through the palace we took a carriage and rode through the renowned forest, for so many centuries, and still, a grand hunting ground. For some distance it appeared like any other forest, except that the roads were good. It contains over forty thousand acres, and is sixty miles in circumference. The first point of interest we visited was the old hermitage of Franchard, now converted into barracks, near which is one of the wildest and most picturesque of valleys. The rocks on its high borders are composed of gigantic boulders, thrown together in a singular manner, forming wonderful caves and passages under and between them. Under one of the massive rocks is a slight dripping of water, which has given it the name of the weeping rock, a fact of which the old monks availed themselves, ascribing wonderful virtues to the water, in the cure of diseases. The view from the high point of the rocks, down the dry and barren valley, is very grand. From this we rode to the principal points of interest in the forest, frequently meeting with beautiful openings, fine stretches of forest, and, from several prominent points, splendid views of the surrounding country. At one commanding point we found a beautiful spring, whose cool waters were most grateful after a long and fatiguing tramp to reach it.

The singular character of the great boulders which form the rocks of Fontainebleau, will attract special attention; all appear to have been subject to the action of water, yet could not have been so in the place where they now lie. The water holes, as we call them, are frequently upward and horizontal, as well as downward, and the whole look as though they had

been thrown there in a promiscuous heap, along the borders of the wild valleys, by some great convulsion of nature.

Altogether, an excursion to Fontainebleau and its forest, is one which will impress itself upon the memory as one of the finest in the vicinity of Paris.

LETTER XXVII.

Churches of Paris — The Madeleine — St. Etienne du Mont — St. Sulpice — Church of the Invalides — Invalid Soldiers.

PARIS, August 13, 1858.

One of the features of Paris worthy of special attention, is its churches. France is a catholic country, and its churches are the depositories of a large proportion of its finest works of art. I have before alluded to Notre Dame and St. Germain de Auxerrois, which we visited on week days, catholic churches being continually open, and services of some description being performed.

On one Sunday we attended services at the Madeleine, one of the most perfect specimens of Grecian architecture in Paris, and perhaps in the world. It is situated on a square at the end of the Boulevards, fronting the Rue Royale, which leads directly to the centre of the Place de la Concorde. It resembles the Pantheon so closely as to be a fair copy of that celebrated chef-d'œuvre of antiquity. Its proportions are so perfect that you cannot appreciate its great size, without going into and around the building. It is three hundred and twenty-eight

feet in length, and one hundred and thirty-eight feet in width, and is approached at each end by a flight of twenty-eight steps, the full width of the church and colonnade. The colonnade is composed of fifty-two corinthian columns, forty-nine feet high, and sixteen and a half feet in circumference, the front facing the Place de la Concorde having double rows of columns, and all splendid specimens of workmanship. The doors are of bronze, covered with bas reliefs, and are only surpassed in size and splendor by those of St. Peter's at Rome. In the outer walls are thirty-two niches, each containing a statue of a saint, of full size of life and fine execution. The interior of the church is in the same general style, filled with pictures and statuary, making altogether the finest modern church edifice in Paris. The Sunday we were there was a special occasion, the services being performed by the archbishop of Paris, assisted by a large retinue, in splendid ecclesiastical robes. The services were very impressive, and the choir and grand organ discoursed magnificent music.

Near the Pantheon is the old church of St. Etienne du Mont, one of the oldest and most interesting in Paris. It has a singular and irregular appearance on the outside, but its interior is a beautiful specimen of ancient church architecture. The grand organ has the finest and most elaborate carvings, or rather sculpture in wood, we have yet seen, and the pulpit is of the same ancient and splendid work. The curious spiral staircases, on each side of the nave, are singularly beautiful. The side altars are very numerous, and highly ornamented; in one of them is a stone figure of the dead Christ, with figures of Mary and several of the apostles surrounding it, making in the dim light, a most impressive group. In another is what is said to be the depository of the body of St. Genevieve, covered with a profusion of votive offerings, some very rich.

A large number of candles are kept constantly burning around it, and an attendant in waiting, apparently for the purpose of receiving further offerings. The whole church is filled with paintings, statuary and carvings, of the highest order of execution.

The church of St. Sulpice is also one of the finest of the churches of Paris. It was commenced in 1655, but was not fully completed for more than one hundred years. It has two steeples, double rows of columns on the portico, and the whole front is very fine and symmetrical. The interior is adorned with a profusion of pictures and statuary, all of splendid execution. The chapels on the side are particularly fine, both in arrangement and the profusion of ornaments. The high altar is very fine, the genius and skill of the best artists having been seemingly exhausted in its adornment. The grand organ is very magnificent, and the pictures alone would make a splendid gallery.

In the square in front of the church is one of the finest fountains in Paris. It has three basins, elegantly wrought, and on the sides are statues of Fenelon, Massillon, Fliescher and Bossuet, all large as life and finely executed.

On another Sunday we attended service at the Church of the Invalides, for the purpose of witnessing a military mass. This church is part of the great institution of the Invalides, and is attended principally by the inmates and officers of the institution, and their families. The mass commenced after the regular services. A detachment of the invalides, in their blue uniforms and cocked hats, marched up the aisle, ranging themselves on each side, facing inwardly, each one having a little banner on a spear-headed staff. The officers then came in and took their places on the inner side of the railing of the altar. The services were accompanied by a fine band of

military music, and was throughout very impressive. The deportment of the invalid soldiers was very devout and orderly; and the roll of the drums, and lowering of the little banners at the proper places in the services, were particularly impressive. The detachment of invalids was composed of these war-worn veterans, several of whom had lost a limb, but marched and marked time with their wooden legs as regularly as their more fortunate companions.

We visited many other churches in Paris, all having the same characteristics, and some of them equaling in splendor of ornament those herein noticed. You never enter a church without finding something to interest you, either in the works of art it may contain, or historical associations connected with the building. You are also sure to find services of some description taking place in some part of the building, and more or less devout worshipers.

LETTER XXVIII.

Departure from Paris—Macon—Geneva—Ferney—Voltaire—Lake Lemman—Coppet—The Alps—Mont Blanc—Vineyards—Chillon—Chamounix—Glaciers.

CHAMOUNIX, Switzerland, Aug. 20, 1858.

We left Paris on the 16th instant, in the evening train, direct for Geneva. The road through this part of France is not particularly interesting, and as the cars were unusually comfortable, we passed the night fairly. Morning found us at Macon, nearly three hundred miles from Paris; and here a branch road leads to Geneva, where we arrived about noon, making a total railway ride of about four hundred miles. This city, so celebrated in ecclesiastical history, is situated at the foot of Lake Lemman, or as it is more commonly called, Lake Geneva, and contains over thirty thousand inhabitants. It certainly did not strike us as particularly beautiful, yet there are points in and about it which are very interesting. The hotels principally front on the lake, and the quays are well built, containing many fine buildings. When lighted up in the evening they present a fine appearance; a little island in the outlet of the lake, which divides the town, is handsomely docked and fitted up for a public promenade, and is a beautiful spot. The business of the town appears to be the manufacture of watches and jewelry, and there are numerous fine shops with splendid stocks of these articles.

In the afternoon we rode to Ferney, the celebrated residence of Voltaire, the great poet and litterateur of France in the last century. It is about five miles from Geneva, in the French territory, and is beautifully situated, commanding a fine view

of the lake and valley, with the distant mountain range of Mont Blanc. The house and grounds are in good condition, but two rooms only are now shown; the furniture is the same as when he occupied them, and many memorials of him are there. His portrait, taken in middle age, is particularly interesting, showing him in the full vigor of life, and a fine, brilliant looking man; it is in great contrast with the common portraits of him in old age, which have an expression almost demoniacal. There are quite a number of portraits which belonged to him, among which is one of Frederick the Great, with whom he was on intimate relations, and one of Catharine of Russia, said to have been executed by herself, in needlework. A portrait of Washington when a colonel in the Virginia provincials, and a small but very excellent portrait of Franklin are also hung in the room, but by whom does not appear.

The gardens and grounds are kept by the present proprietor in excellent condition; the long arbor where he walked, meditated, and dictated to his secretary, is kept in perfect order; and the fine shady grounds, half forest and half lawn, are very beautiful. Notwithstanding his anti-religious principles, which are revolting to the christian world, he still holds his rank as the head of the men of genius in the history of France.

The next day we took the steamer and made the circuit of the lake, stopping at all the principal points. The number of localities associated with the names of prominent men is very great. The residence of Lord Byron, where he wrote several of his poems, is pointed out. Coppet, the residence of the celebrated Neckar, and his more celebrated daughter, Madame De Stael; Lausanne, where Gibbon resided and wrote his great history, and which is also the birthplace of our own Agassiz; and other well known but less celebrated spots.

The excursion around the lake is most beautiful on a fine day, which it was our fortune to have. On one side the country is highly cultivated, with numerous tasteful villas, while on the other the high and barren Alps show themselves to you for the first time in their great proportions. As you proceed along the lake, the mountains are higher, and long ranges of sharp jagged peaks present themselves, through the gorges of which you catch an occasional glimpse of Mount Blanc, sixty miles distant, but towering above all.

Between Lausanne and Vevay, a distance of about ten miles, is one continued vineyard, laid out with great labor; the ground rising steeply from the lake, to a great height, and all terraced with heavy stone walls, so as to present the best aspect to the sun. The quantity of wine produced in this territory is very great, and of good quality. Every inch of ground is brought into requisition, from the stone wall on the border of the lake, to the very topmost hill.

At the head of the lake is the dark and gloomy prison of Chillon, the great state prison of the old Dukes of Savoy, immortalized by Byron in his "Prisoner of Chillon." It is situated on a great rock near the shore, and at the foot of a high hill or mountain, much resembling Butter Hill in the Highlands. The water along side of the prison is said to be eight hundred feet deep. The outward appearance has never been changed, but it is not now used as a prison. The little island with three trees, so pathetically alluded to by the unhappy prisoner, still remains, and the trees appear to be carefully preserved.

The head of the lake is very beautiful. The great barren rocks of the Alps, on one side, showing through the great gorge of the narrow valley of the Rhone as far as the eye can reach, the other showing the long high coast covered with

vineyards, while the lake itself is placid, and its singularly blue water is most beautiful,—the whole, forming one of the most charming combinations of land, water and mountains.

We left Geneva for Chamounix by carriage, the party consisting of five persons besides the postillion. The road passes through a pleasant and highly cultivated country, but with few important places. We arrived at St. Martins about five o'clock in the afternoon in the midst of a hard rain, and there took our quarters for the night at a quiet and comfortable tavern. In the morning the weather was still unfavorable, but we took a char, which is a sort of low barouche, with strong heavy wheels, and proceeded on our way. The distance from this place to Chamounix is but seventeen miles, but it took six hours to get over it. The rain continued the whole way, and we failed to obtain the many splendid views said to abound on this rugged road. It passes along the sides of mountains, where the enormous depth of the gorges below, and the height of the mountains above, whose tops were enveloped in clouds, kept us constantly excited with wonder how the road was ever made, mingled with a little trepidation, for fear the tough little horses might fail, or the rope traces break, in some specially steep and dangerous pass.

An occasional lifting of the heavy clouds, gave us some grand views of mountain tops, and a turn of the road at some commanding headland, some splendid views of the valley below, through which the turbulent river Arve takes its rapid course. Every inch of ground capable of cultivation is worked, and the little patches of land on the hill tops and sides, keep you in perpetual wonder how such points were ever reached and cultivated.

The valley all the way to Chamounix contains open spots as highly cultivated, and looking much like the valleys in the

mountainous parts of New England. Apples, plums, and pears are abundant, although of small size. Indian corn, potatoes, wheat, barley, &c., appear to do well, and the barberry, so common in New England, lines the road-side in abundance.

At the entrance of the valley of Chamounix we first came in sight of the Glaciers, those seas of ice which fill up the deep chasms of the mountains, and which never disappear, and rarely change their general appearance. The tops of the mountains were enveloped in clouds, and these great masses of ice, as they projected down to the edge of the valley were wonderful. We found an excellent hotel at Chamounix, the great increase of travel in this region for the last few years having caused the erection of several large and well appointed hotels. There are a large number of tourists in the valley, and its aspect is now much like that of any other fashionable place of resort.

LETTER XXIX.

Arrive at Chamounix—Rain—Cascade du Dard—Glacier de Bosson—Flegere—Mont Blanc—Valley of Chamounix—Mer de Glace—Mule Riding.

CHAMOUNIX, Switzerland, August 23, 1858.

We arrived here on the 20th instant about noon, but the continual rain storm kept us confined to the hotel for the remainder of the day, in company with scores of weather-bound and disconsolate tourists. Bright wood fires were necessary in all parts of the house, and the whole aspect was as un-dog-day like as can be imagined. Quite a number of Americans were at the hotel, and we gathered ourselves together in one large room, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible.

The next morning showed little improvement in the weather, but about noon we made up a party for an excursion to the Cascade du Dard, and the Glacier de Bosson. A long tramp through the wet, muddy road, brought us to the foot of the mountain, and a tedious and fatiguing clamber up the slippery footpath, crossing numberless little streams on pole bridges, brought us to a shanty on a projecting rock fronting the cascade. The quantity of water falling was not great, but its height and the huge rocky chasm through which it passes, makes a grand sight. A further toilsome walk of a few hundred yards, brought us to the debris of the glacier, a high hill of loose sand and stones, very difficult to surmount. From the top of this hill the glacier first came before our view in all its wonderful and terrific beauty. It is the clearest and most beautiful of the glaciers of the valley, but its masses of ice in

immense hillocks, sharp irregular points, and numerous crevices, struck us at first with an impression that none but the most foolhardy would attempt its passage. A nearer inspection removed this feeling to some extent, and the whole party, including one lady, made the passage easily in less than an hour. The impression of softness and giving way under foot, which we were accustomed to associate with masses of ice in warm weather, vanishes with the first footstep on the glacier. We found it as solid as the rocks themselves, barely soft enough on the surface to receive the impression of the sharp pikestaff, which, with a kind of "Yankee creeper," furnished by the guides, are indispensable in these ice passages.

Nothing can exceed the interest of this passage of the glacier. The apparent danger subsides into a mere exertion of strength and activity in climbing over the rounded masses of ice, and through the valleys between, leaping across the streams of running water, and it is surprising how soon the seeming danger becomes familiar. You soon clamber over high rough ridges of ice, or approach the very edge of a crevasse so deep, that its bottom cannot be seen, with the *coolest* self-possession. You pick up the scattering boulders on the glacier, throw them down the deep caverns, and listen with childlike curiosity to the rumbling down the immense depths. As our party was scattered about in different parts of the glacier, with their pikestaffs in their hands, the pictures in Dr. Kane's book came distinctly to mind, and it only needed an occasional white bear or seal to make the illusion complete. From the middle of the glacier, a look upward to the immense sea of ice was most grand. The sharp peaks of ice jutting out in the steep ascents above us, looked terrific as well as beautiful, and the occasional glimpses of the bare mountains on either side, towering in immense height through the heavy

clouds, was grand beyond previous conception. The passage of the glacier will be fixed in our memory, as one of the most wonderful and thrilling of the incidents of our journey.

The next day the weather was propitious, and we made an excursion to the top of the Flegere, one of the most accessible of the neighboring mountains, but commanding one of the best general views of Mont Blanc and its surrounding peaks. The ascent is very steep, and is accomplished by ladies upon mules, and by gentlemen on foot, with little difficulty except hard and tedious labor. The mule path is exceedingly narrow, winding around the mountain and along steep precipices, requiring much self possession to ride up, and a decidedly strong-minded woman to ride down. The weather cleared up beautifully, and as we rose the mountain, the grand peaks and round tops of the Mount Blanc range came gradually into view.

Three hours hard labor brought us to the top, and the magnificent view before us richly repaid the toilsome ascent. The whole Mont Blanc range of mountains was before us, and their sharp snowy peaks, rounded tops and tremendous gorges, glistened in the bright sunshine with a brilliancy most dazzling. The apparent nearness of the whole range from the point where we stood, which was three thousand feet above the valley below, was very surprising. The sharp, bare Aguilles, as they are called, jutted up to an amazing height, in all directions, and with wonderful distinctness, the rounded knobs of others glistened in the bright sunshine, and towering above all, was the distant Mont Blanc, with its, to us, smooth round top, reposing in majestic grandeur, the undisputed monarch of all. The whole valley of Chamounix was below us, its high cultivation and bright verdure in fine contrast with the bleak and snowy mountain tops. Immediately before us was the Mer de Glace, one of the most extensive of the great

glaciers, which from this point was in plain sight, from its soiled and dirty termination at the edge of the valley below, to the great chasms above, filled with immense fields of bright ice and snow. From this glacier comes one of the principal sources of the Arve, which flows out from the sides and near its end, down a rocky precipice into the valley below.

The nearness of the foot of the glaciers to the vegetation below, is a constant source of wonder. From the great wall at its foot, to the most profuse vegetation, is frequently but a few rods, and their fixedness in one position is one of the greatest of wonders. Year after year, and generation after generation, finds them occupying nearly the same position, the constant melting which affords supplies to the sources of the rivers having no apparent effect. Farmhouses and little villages are built in what would appear dangerous proximity, and are hoary with age. This fixedness of position is accounted for by the constant pressing down of the ice and snow, as it is melted off from below.

We remained upon the mountain nearly an hour, enjoying the magnificent view. The riding down upon mules, as ladies usually do, requires considerable nerve. The track, for much of the way, is at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and the sharp zigzag turns, on the edges of the precipices, are sometimes absolutely frightful. The rear of the animal is often higher than its head, and it seems as though the riders were in constant danger of being precipitated headlong a thousand feet below. The danger is, however, more in imagination than reality; the mules are the most sure-footed of animals, and an accident, with a good guide, is of rare occurrence.

Our experience of mountain climbing and glacier crossing, is quite sufficient. We have ascended one of the most difficult, if not the highest of the accessible mountain tops, and had one

of the finest and most complete views of the Mont Blanc range and the Chamounix valley, which can be obtained, and we have crossed one of the most perfect and beautiful of the glaciers. With this we shall content ourselves, as far as the valley is concerned.

LETTER XXX.

Leave Chamounix—Mountain Pass—Martigny—Sion—Visp—Brigg—Simplon Pass—The Hospice—Gallery of Gondoby—Domo d'Ossola—Lake Maggiore.

LAKE MAGGIORE, Aug. 27, 1858.

We left Chamounix on the morning of the 24th, taking the well known road to Martigny, over the mountains. A few miles only of the road is passable on wheels, but the whole is usually done with mules. At a short distance from the hotel the valley terminates, and the mountain pass begins. As we rose the pass the snowy range of Mont Blanc came gradually into view, like a great snow mountain barrier at the end of the pass. The road winds among the mountains, very narrow and often very rough, barely affording a track for a single mule. The straggling procession which consisted of ten, each with a load of baggage, besides the riders, made, with the guides and several pedestrians, quite a picturesque caravan. Some of the passes are very fine,—the great towering mountains on each side, and roaring stream at the bottom, creating a constant succession of striking views.

At the pass of Tete Noire is the finest and wildest part of the road; the narrow mule-path ascends along the face of the

mountain until it is more than one thousand feet above the stream below, while the mountains above are of immense height.

At one jutting point of the mountain a tunnel is cut sufficient for a mule-path, and beyond that it is cut in the face of the rock for some distance, the rock jutting completely over the road. At the top of the pass is a little table land, on which is a tavern, which, being about half way on the road, is the usual halting place for travelers in either direction. A large number were here collected of both sexes, and of all nations, making with the numerous mules and guides, quite a lively time.

At this point the road takes a right angle through another pass, which is still higher and wilder than that at the Tete Noire. At one point it is full twelve hundred feet above the roaring torrent below, the bed of which is filled with monster boulders and fallen rocks. The bed of the river rises rapidly, so that within a mile the road is on its banks. It is therefore, for that distance one continued cataract, broken by the fallen rocks into a succession of cascades and rapids, truly wonderful and grand. At the head of this pass is a little valley containing some arable land, which as usual, is full of inhabitants. A long, winding road, very well built, brings us to the highest point of the road, where we found a military station in charge of a lame old soldier, who brought the whole party to stand, demanding passports. A little delay, and a fee of one franc each, let us through, without difficulty.

The road down the mountain, on the Martigny side, is kept in good order, and we soon came in sight of that village, and the long level valley in which it is situated. At the great height from which we first caught sight of it, it looked like a miniature village set in the midst of high mountains. From

the height we were it seemed but a few miles, but the descent of the mountain, by the long zigzag road, was the most tedious that can be imagined; stretch after stretch, and mile after mile, was passed, and at every turn of the road, as the village came in sight, it seemed as far off as ever. But all journeys must come to an end, and we finally arrived at Martigny, a most tired and forlorn looking set of pleasure tourists. Few had ever before been on the back of a mule, and the racking motion of the animal in the ascent, and still more in the descent of the mountains, is an experience which we shall not care to repeat. Martigny is a dilapidated looking old town, but being at the foot of the great pass to Chamounix, contains several large hotels, and is now quite full of tourists.

We took the diligence early in the morning for Briegg, a town at the head of the valley of the Rhone, and at the foot of the Simplon pass.

The road through the valley is good, and many parts of it quite fertile and well cultivated. It passes through many old towns and villages, some quite picturesque; the old town of Sion, particularly, which contains the ruins of three old castles very near each other. It was once a large and important point, but is now quite decayed. One town, called Visp, is the most wretched looking place we ever met. It was nearly destroyed by an earthquake a few years ago, and its inhabitants appear to have thought it not worth while to make any considerable repairs. Some of the buildings were very large, and had been very fine, but were deserted, and but a portion of the smaller buildings had been patched up into a habitable condition. The dirt, squalor, and wretchedness of the inhabitants was most revolting. We arrived at Briegg early in the afternoon, where we were delayed until the next morning.

The town is at the foot of the great Simplon road, and being a usual stopping place for travelers, is comparatively comfortable. A very ancient and quaint old castle or family residence is in the midst of the town, which will attract attention by its high minarets in the Turkish style.

In the morning we took a carriage or voiture, as they are here called, for our party of five, which is quite as cheap, and much more comfortable than the diligence. We started early, commencing the ascent immediately from the town. This celebrated road has been so often described, that it is unnecessary to go into any detail; it is certainly one of the most wonderful works of useful art which the world had then ever seen, and is still unparalleled for its excellence, and the perfection of its details. It was built by order of Napoleon, after the great battle of Marengo, which followed the celebrated passage of the Alps, by the pass of St. Bernard, and was of course projected for military purposes. From its beginning at Briegg, to its termination at Milan, it is the smoothest and most perfect of roads, kept constantly in repair by the several governments through which it passes, and is a free road.

Passing entirely over the Alps, through the most difficult and almost impossible passes, its wonderful construction and perfect safety, in the midst of these wild mountains, is a monument of human labor and engineering skill, which will never cease to command the admiration of the world. From Briegg the ascent is by an easy grade, winding around the sides of the mountain, and after seven hours of steady ascent, the town we left was in plain sight through the mountain pass. The skill of the engineers in carrying the road around the most impossible of passes, keeps you constantly excited with curiosity how certain coming passes are to be made, and astonishment at the apparent ease with which it is accomplished. The

journey up the mountain is an easy variety of riding and walking, most delightful and satisfactory.

As we approached the summit the cold grew severe, sharp cutting winds and occasional flurries of snow, showed the great height we had reached, and the snowy mountain tops were just at hand. In several gorges by the way side were deep drifts of snow, and we warmed ourselves with a good hearty school boy frolic of snowballing. This, for the twenty-fifth of August, was an incident worth noting.

A little over the summit, at a point somewhat protected, is the Hospice, projected and commenced by Napoleon, but finished by the Swiss government; it is a very large, plain building, well provided with refreshments and accommodations for travelers, for which no charge is made, but contributions are expected. A more bleak and solitary situation cannot be conceived; and the monks who keep the Hospice in order, have no enviable position in this desolate spot. Here we commenced the descent of the mountain on the Italian side, at a round trot, which was kept up very steadily for the remainder of the journey. At the village of Simplon, in a gorge of the mountains, we stopped for dinner, and a hard one it was. Shortly after leaving this halting place, we enter into the great pass, where the heaviest work was performed in the construction of the road. Several tunnels are passed through, and heavy structures of mason work passed over.

The Gallerie of Gondoby is the greatest piece of work on the road, being a tunnel six hundred feet in length, with side openings for light, cut in the solid rock, and on the verge of a chasm the most savage and grand we have met in the Alps; it makes one dizzy to look up or down, and the foaming torrent, as it forces its way through the narrow and rocky pass, forms, with the immense rocks above and below, a scene of

the most wild and terrific grandeur. The road all this time winds with an easy grade down and through these tremendous passes, perfectly smooth and safe, and twenty-five feet wide, yet it takes considerable nerve and self-possession to pass over it for the first time without some trepidation. We soon reached the Sardinian station, where our passports and baggage were regularly examined, and we were fairly in Italy. As we descended the mountain the weather moderated rapidly, vegetation began to appear, and before dark we were in the midst of rich narrow valleys, full of vegetation, and every hill side capable of cultivation, covered with vineyards. Shortly after dark we arrived at Domo d' Ossola, a small station town, where we stopped for the night, finding a very comfortable hotel; in the morning we resumed our journey, and soon found the difference in the atmosphere from the day before. Then, every thing was wrapped around us to keep off the cold, and now every thing we could spare was thrown off to keep cool. The road was lined with vineyards, and the vines loaded with fruit; pears, peaches, plums, and grapes were offered at the carriage door in abundance, at a trifling price—and most delicious they were. We arrived about noon at Baveno, on the shore of Lake Maggiore, completing our passage over the Simplon in less than thirty hours, including the stoppage for the night, at Domo d' Ossola. The view of Lake Maggiore, as you descend the mountain, is beautiful beyond description, its high ascending banks covered with vineyards and green fields, and the beautiful Borromean islands dotting its bright green water.

LETTER XXXI.

Isola Bella—Its Gardens—Terraces—Statuary—Lake Como—Sunset—Como

MILAN, ITALY, August 30, 1858.

At Baveno we took a row-boat for Isola Bella, (beautiful island,) the residence and garden of the Borromean family. This singular island is certainly one of the most wonderful creations of the human fancy. Originally a small, high, sharp rock of a few acres in extent, it was, by one of the heads of the family, some two hundred years ago, converted into a garden at an immense expense, and supplied with every variety of tree and shrub which could be gathered from all quarters of the known world. What the cost of this whimsical fancy was, is not known, but it must have been enormous. Every pound of soil was carried on the rock, the whole island terraced up with solid mason-work, making, to inclose the whole, ten terraces. All these are filled with shrubbery and trees, now very large, gathered from all climes, and compelled to grow together. Orange and lemon groves are abundant, the cork tree, camphor tree, tea plant, and other tropical trees, shrubs and flowers, are compelled to grow in juxta-position with the trees and shrubs of high northern latitudes. Every step you take in the circuit of these wonderful terraces, you meet with plants and flowers of the most unexpected and incongruous character, cultivated and kept in order for no other apparent purpose than to carry out the singular whim of its projector, nearly two centuries ago. Many of the plants

are far from beautiful or useful, and why they are there is a constant surprise,

“Not that the thing was rich or rare,
But how the devil came it there?”

The upper terrace, or the top, is filled with the most singular collection of statuary that can be conceived. Unicorns, sea-horses, dancing-girls, men in armor, and in fact every singular and quaint conceit which could enter the mind of an idle man of wealth, and every fancy seems to have been carried out without the slightest attempt at congruity with any other.

The whole thing is a wonder which every tourist will visit once, but it would be a curious matter to get the opinions of the various visitors in regard to its peculiarities. It is evidently kept up with some effort by the family; the walks and terraces show signs of neglect, and the singular collection of statuary on the upper terrace is a good deal the worse for the wear and tear of the elements. The palace is a good specimen of the huge and cheerless palaces of the olden time, full of ancient pictures, statuary, &c., all looking as though the owners were a little tired of taking care of them. The view of the island from a little distance on the lake, is very beautiful. Its incongruities soften down into a charming garden-picture of trees, shrubbery and statuary, in the midst of the beautiful lake. The other islands are improved something in the same manner, but far less elaborately, and form beautiful features in the lake. We landed at Pallanza, a town on the opposite side of the bay, where we were detained several hours. The little Sardinian steamer came along about five o'clock, and we left on her for Luino, the head of the lake, a distance of about twelve miles.

The sail on the lake was exceedingly beautiful. The water

is as singular for its pure green color as the Geneva lake for its remarkably blue tint. The shores are lined with small towns, at most of which the boat stopped, leaving passengers and freight, like any other coaster, and landed us safely at our point of destination about sunset. We had heard much of the stringency of the Austrian officials, and as this was our advent in that jurisdiction, we had some misgivings as to our reception. The whole affair was conducted in a prompt, business-like manner—our passports examined and viséd, our luggage opened and examined courteously, and in a very short time we were pleasantly quartered in a large and comfortable hotel on the shores of the lake.

The sun was just setting, and we had an opportunity of witnessing this much-vaunted operation of nature in Italy. The sky was cloudless, and we could not but concede that it was very beautiful, although scarcely willing to admit that we do not sometimes have sunsets equally beautiful at Buffalo. There is, however, a singular beauty in the delicate blue haze, which surrounds the mountains in Italy, which is peculiar to this region. This peculiarity is caught by the Italian painters with great success, and as we must now admit, with great truthfulness. The evening was beautiful; the moon came out in its full brightness, the lake was calm and placid, with now and then a little boat on its waters, the street in front of the hotel and bordering on the lake was full of villagers in little parties, singing their own songs, carrying all parts, some of the little companies making most beautiful music; a company of little girls as they passed by, mingled with the clatter of their wooden shoes, some sweet and beautiful music, also carried in parts with perfect harmony. Altogether, our first evening in Italy, on the banks of lake Maggiore, was exceedingly delightful.

In the morning we took a carriage for Como, passing through a fertile and well-cultivated country—the grapes in particular very abundant and rich in flavor, as we had frequent opportunities to testify. We passed for some time along the banks of lake Lagano, a beautiful lake in the midst of high mountains, and from some high points of the road, it looked like a sea of emerald. The whole ride was very fine, passing through numberless small towns, built compactly together, with narrow streets, tall houses, and all the peculiarities of a village in a small space. We passed through any number of them during this day's ride; and I think, to pass through an Italian village, with all its variety of narrow paved streets, shops, cafes, the church, (which is always the largest building in the village,) and all the *et ceteras* which make up a village, takes, on an average, at a moderate trot, about four minutes. We arrived at Como in fair season, but did not obtain so good or so extensive a view of the lake as we intended. So far as we saw it, it was exceedingly beautiful, but the train for Milan was to leave in a short time, and we were compelled to cut short our visit for the sake of reaching that place on Saturday evening. This was accomplished comfortably, and we passed the Sunday in this beautiful city.

LETTER XXXII.

Arrive at Milan—The Cathedral—Statue of St. Bartholomew—Tomb of Charles Borromeo—Visconti Palace—Pictures and Statuary—Dominican Convent—Last Supper—Walks and Drives—Grand Arch—Amphitheatre.

MILAN, August 31, 1858.

We arrived at Milan Saturday evening before dark, and found it to be a larger and more business-like city than we expected. The streets were full of people, and the whole aspect was that of a thriving city. The streets are remarkably well paved, the way for carriage wheels being a heavy, smooth lagging about two feet wide, the principal streets having double tracks, and the spaces between paved with small cobble stones. There is no curbing in any of the streets, the sidewalks are from four to eight feet wide, the cobble-stone paving is even with it, the drainage to the middle of the carriage-ways, where narrow oblong inlets are made at short intervals, to convey the water to the sewers below. I note these things particularly, as we consider Buffalo as the best paved and sewered city in the United States. The streets of Milan, in the accuracy of their grades, perfection of workmanship, and ease of riding over them, certainly exceed anything we have yet seen.

Our first visit was of course to the Cathedral, the glory of the Milanese. You have heard so much of it from visitors, and seen so many beautiful pictures of it, that you cannot but fear the expectations that have been so highly excited, will meet with disappointment. All this disappears as its grand proportions come gradually into view. All previous experience

is completely thrown into the shade by the splendor, completeness and exuberance of architectural and artistic skill displayed in this magnificent structure. You walk around it in silent amazement at its countless statues, its wilderness of flying buttresses, sharp tall spires, each surmounted with a statue, and the endless variety of figures and carving which perpetually meet your eyes.

We entered the church by the grand entrance, and found the interior quite equal to the exterior. Through the almost interminable marble columns, we could see the high altar, and that services had commenced, and, as we walked slowly through the grand colonnades, and over the vast extent of mosaic pavement, gazed at the lofty groined arches, the numerous side chapels, and finally upon the grand altar itself, at which the priests and their numerous attendants were performing high mass, to hear that grand organ and the army of singers fill the great edifice with magnificent music, you could not but feel that such an offering from man to his Maker, if made with the right spirit, was most worthy and appropriate. We listened with interest to the ceremony and splendid music, until a young priest came out upon the circular gilded pulpit and commenced preaching a sermon in Italian, when we quietly withdrew ourselves from the audience, and wandered around the great edifice, in perpetual wonder at the inexhaustible treasures of art which you meet at every step.

On Monday, we again visited the cathedral, and ascended to the top, being in all over five hundred steps. This effort was well rewarded by the additional impressions we obtained of the magnitude and perfection of every part of this great edifice. The first flight of steps brings you to the roof, where the flying buttresses, which support the central roof, are before you, the tops of them ornamented with carvings of flowers of

every variety, making what the attendant called a complete botanic garden, certainly most perfect and astonishing for its extent. The roof is of large marble slabs, and the walks all about are so complete and roomy, that you can scarcely believe you are on the roof of a building. To ascend to the main roof you go up a straight staircase of one hundred steps, where the whole roof is before you in its vast extent and wonderful perfection. The statues on the top of the needle-like spires, which are said to be one hundred and thirty-six in all, are now near by, and you see the perfect workmanship of each, and the completeness of the carving of the sides of the spires. The number of statues in and around the building is said to be over seven thousand, of which more than half are on the outside. The golden figure of the virgin on the top of the main spire, which appears of medium size from the ground, is nearly eighteen feet in height, and is in perfect keeping with the spire itself.

After accomplishing the ascent, we again walked around the building, admiring the grand statues and splendid surroundings of the various altars. A statue of St. Bartholomew, representing him after he was skinned alive, with the skin hanging over his shoulder, the head and feet quite distinct will attract attention as a work of art, although shocking to look upon. We then descended to the tomb of St. Charles Borromeo, the great saint of Milan, upon whom is lavished the offerings of the wealthy and powerful of his faith. The priest who has charge of the tomb and chapel, led the way with a tall lighted candle, conducting us to the chapel and through various side passages, till we came to the tomb itself, situated under the floor and immediately in front of the high altar. This famous tomb is, without doubt, the most splendid in the world, and notwithstanding your eyes have become

accustomed to great sights, this one fills you with astonishment at its amazing richness. It is octagonal in form, with vaulted ceilings, completely surrounded with designs in alto relievo, all of solid silver, illustrating the principal events in the life of the great saint. The walls are hung with golden tapestry on red silk ground, and the whole construction is of the choicest marble.

The body of the saint, for he was a cardinal, is enclosed in a coffin, presented by Philip II. of Spain, made of rock crystal, set in silver, showing through its large panes, the body of the saint, arrayed in pontifical robes, studded with precious stones. It was embalmed at the time of his death, and although the form is well preserved, the face and features are most ghastly, the effect of which is perhaps increased by the splendor of its surroundings. In addition to all these ornaments, there is hanging inside of the coffin a cross of emeralds and diamonds, presented by Maria Theresa, the cost of which was two hundred thousand dollars. The total cost of the tomb was stated, by the attendant priest, to have been nearly a million and a half of dollars. Such enormous expenditure for purposes of this kind, is scarcely conceivable in our country, and yet this tomb, with its amazing expenditure, is but one item in the cost of the cathedral itself. There are several other monuments in the body of the cathedral which, in any other place, would be thought unapproachable for their magnificence.

From the cathedral we went to the Visconti Palace, one of the oldest and most complete in the city. It is a building of vast extent for a private palace, filled with splendid pictures and statuary. Several pictures by Correggio and Guido are there, and one by Murillo, which, like all the works of that artist, will attract special admiration. A collection of bronzes in the palace struck us as being the finest we had yet seen.

We next proceeded to the Dominican church and convent, in the refectory of which is the celebrated picture of the Last Supper, by Leonardo de Vinci. It is painted on the end wall in the long, dreary-looking refectory, and at first sight is quite disappointing; it is so much dilapidated that few would give it the slightest attention, should they meet it incidentally and with no knowledge of its history and authorship. The wall is cracked off in many places, a door has been cut through the wall, taking off the feet of the Saviour, and the whole has an air of entire neglect. A large painting of the crucifixion at the other end of the room, by an unknown author, and little valued, would strike most visitors as quite its equal. Yet, as you look upon the picture, its grand design and perfect proportion grows upon you, until you add your testimony to that of all the world of its wonderful perfection. Several copies are in the room, made by good artists, which are offered for sale, some of them very fine. The picture is now preserved with great care, although no attempt has been made to restore it, and is doubtless a source of large income to the convent in the fees paid by visitors, and the sale of common engraved copies.

We visited several other churches, all containing great wealth in pictures, statuary and monuments, but the great cathedral so overwhelms them all by its magnificence, that you scarcely remember what you have seen in them.

The walks and drives about Milan are very fine and quite extensive. The trees are principally horse chesnuts, planted in double rows, and are of great size. At the termination of the Simplon road is the grand arch designed by Napoleon, but finished by the Austrian government, and called the Arch of Peace. It is similar in its design to the arch in the Place du Carrousel in Paris, in front of the Palace of the Tuilleries, and is a beautiful piece of workmanship. Near the arch is

the grand amphitheatre, a large plot of ground enclosed, similar in form to the Coliseum at Rome, and capable of holding thirty thousand spectators. It can be filled with water in a few hours, and regattas held upon it. We shall leave for Venice to-morrow morning.

LETTER XXXIII.

Plains of Lombardy—Verona and Shakspeare—Venice—Gondolas—Grand Canal—Hotels—
Square of St. Mark—Campanile—Cathedral—Column of St. Mark—The Pigeons—
Doge's Palace—Bridge of Sighs—Prisons—Churches—Public Gardens.

VENICE, Sept. 3, 1858.

We arrived at Venice in the afternoon of the first instant, after a ride of ten hours by railroad from Milan. The fruitful plains of Lombardy, which we passed over, well deserve their reputation, being a perfect garden, teeming with the rich fruits of the earth. We passed through numberless towns and villages, but none worthy of special note except Verona and Padua, which want of time, and our desire to reach Venice, compelled us to omit. Verona, with which we also associate Romeo and Juliet, the Two Gentlemen and Two Dromios of Shakspeare, appears to be one complete fortification, full of soldiers, twenty thousand of whom are said to be necessary to garrison it. Padua lies to the right of the railroad, and we only caught a few glimpses of its square and tall spires.

The approach to Venice is by a long modern causeway very well built, which brings you into the city at a most unprepossessing point. The delivery of the baggage is conducted as in other places, and it is not until you get through this

process and proceed to the omnibus, that you begin to realize that you are in Venice. You are conducted to a crowd of gondolas, among which one of extra size is the omnibus. We were soon in the grand canal, amidst gondolas plying in all directions, the banks of the canal being lined with tall palaces in all stages of dilapidation, but all inhabited, the whole scene corresponding perfectly with your preconceived ideas. The omnibus turns a corner into a side canal, passing under several stone foot-bridges, and finally "brings up" at your hotel, and you step at once from the gondola to the main reception hall. All the hotels in Venice were formerly palaces, and present a singular compound of splendor and discomfort. The halls and staircases are of marble, and the floor of mosaic or a stone composition. The bedrooms are large, with splendid fresco ceilings and heavy furniture, with but little of home-like comfort.

The hotels are however, kept quite as well as their peculiar circumstances will permit. The inner courts are quite large, filled with statues and plants in pots and boxes, presenting quite a cheerful appearance. Our first movement after dinner was to the square of St. Mark, so celebrated in the history of Venice, and in fact the only square where any considerable number of persons can be collected. We were shown the way through what appeared to be a narrow back alley, but which proved to be one of the principal streets. It was perhaps, eight or ten feet wide, with shops on both sides, full of the usual shop-keeping articles of a city. After several turns and windings through similar streets, you pass into an open colonnaded building, and come suddenly upon the great square. The contrast of the narrow, crooked passages you have come through, with the noble square, is a most agreeable surprise. It perhaps appears larger than it really is, sur-

rounded by tall ancient buildings, the lower stories of which are fitted up in a colonnade form, similar to the Palais Royal at Paris, and like that filled with shops, in which jewelry and fancy goods make a grand display. Immediately in front of you is the great cathedral, with its domes and minarets, so much resembling the Turkish style, that it seems very unlike a christian church, but more striking and picturesque. On one side, and near the end of the square, is the campanile, a great square tower with a clock and several bells. Beyond, and at the right, in a square at right angles with St. Mark, and extending to the harbor, stands the Doge's Palace, fronting on the square and harbor.

The singularly mixed character of the architecture, and the peculiar surroundings of the whole in the midst of the dense and crowded old city, is so different from anything you have before seen, that you are in a constant state of amazement. The total absence of horses and vehicles of every kind, adds not a little to the singularity of the scene. It was near night, the square began to look hazy, the shops began to light up, and to our surprise, with gas, the city being the last place where gas was expected, we found our way back to our hotel and to our sleeping-rooms in a sort of bewilderment, half expecting that we should wake up in the morning and find the whole thing was a dream.

In the morning we revisited St. Mark's place, and first ascended the campanile, by an inner road made in an inclined plane, in fact a good paved road to the top, which might be ascended easily by a mule, to the lookout under the great bell tower. The view from this point is most complete, and the full picture of Venice is before you. With the exception of the square at your feet, the grand canal, and the public gardens at the extreme point of the city, all is one mass of ancient

buildings, with their tiled roofs and quaint chimney-tops in every possible variety. Not a street or apparent line of buildings meets your eye; all is one chaotic mass. The harbor and lagoon are large and roomy, showing the great commercial facilities which were the foundation of its power, and made it what it was, before greater facilities and sharp competition accomplished its work. There was considerable shipping in port, and several large ships and steamers were among the crowd of smaller craft.

After descending the campanile, we went to the cathedral, and found it quite as strange in its interior, as singular in its exterior. It is one of the most ancient church edifices in the world, built entirely of oriental marble, with a large proportion of its pictures and all its floors in mosaic. The immense pavement of the building having been built upon piles, has, in the lapse of ages, settled unequally, making quite a variety of hills and valleys in its surface. A large proportion of the marble used in its construction was brought from Constantinople, and several of the doors are stated to have been part of the mosque of St. Sophia, brought here after the capture of that city by the Venetians. The great altar is composed of a great variety of marbles, of columns of all sizes, and splendid specimens of workmanship, but with a great lack of harmony in their arrangement.

Some alabaster columns, full ten inches in diameter, are shown, and are very curious, a lighted taper behind them showing through them quite distinctly. The side chapels, tombs, &c., are all of marble, erected at various ages, and with little regard to congruity, but with very elaborate workmanship and detail in finish. The whole aspect of the edifice is sombre and unpleasant to the eye, reminding you of the ancient tapestries, where ages of labor and skill are bestowed upon a

disagreeable picture. The four celebrated bronze horses are over the main entrance, and form quite a feature in the front of the building. They have a long and eventful history. It is claimed that they were once the property of Nero, and it is certain that they formed part of the spoils of the Venetians in the last capture of Constantinople, and were brought by them to Venice. They were taken by the French to Paris, after the absorption of the state by them in 1801, but restored after the final fall of Napoleon in 1815.

At the end of the square, in front of the Doge's palace, and on the grand mole, are the two world-renowned marble columns, one surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, and the other by St. Theodric, the early patron saint of the old republic.

While walking about the great square we witnessed the ceremony of feeding the pigeons, an ancient and peculiar custom of this singular people. The pigeons appear to be a sacred bird in Venice, having the undisturbed freedom of the city. The square is full of them, flying and circling about in every direction, picking up a subsistence from the sweepings of the shops, and the voluntary feeding of the people.

The ceremony takes place at two o'clock every afternoon. Just previous to the hour they gather in great numbers, and as the hour approaches, dart and circle about the square in great apparent excitement. There are several clocks which strike the hour, but it is not until the clock of the Campanile strikes that they rush to the feeding place. This is in the southern part of the square, from the third story of the long range of buildings.

At the last sound of the bell, the window blinds are thrown open, and grain thrown out upon a ledge or trough under the

windows. The eager rush of the birds for the grain is quite exciting; jostling and trampling upon each other in the most human and un-dovelike manner.

The feeding is soon over, and we afterwards amused ourselves by going into the square with a large package of coarse grain, and feeding them. At the first handful thrown down, the birds darted from all parts of the square, and in a moment we were surrounded by thousands of them, alighting upon our persons and scrambling for the grain, like so many famished beggars.

The scene was very animating and interesting, and we enjoyed it until our supplies were exhausted. The people gathered around, apparently gratified by our attentions to their favorite birds.

The Doge's palace is a great pile of marble of ancient architecture, but in fine keeping with the other surroundings of the square. The grand staircase entrance is very fine, and the marble colonnade in the second story, very superb. The great hall and library is very grand; the walls and ceilings are covered with pictures, illustrating the ancient history of the republic, in which the capture of Constantinople, under the old Doge Dandolo, ninety years old and blind, is the crowning triumph.

The long row of successive doges is in the upper part of the high side walls, the black veil and inscription where Marino Faliero should have been, attracting special attention. In other parts of the palace are many grand pictures and interesting memorials of the old republic. A map and plan of the city, taken in 1500, shows it almost precisely as it is now. The great hall of council is precisely as it was occupied by the old council of ten, the chairs all arranged, with that of the doge in the center. From this we went to the ancient prisons,

separated from the palace by a narrow canal, but connected with it by the covered "Bridge of Sighs," over which we passed. A most gloomy and dreadful prison is this, now unused, but terrible in its associations. The upper cells for murderers, pirates, &c., have some light and air, but the lower dungeons, for political offenders, are horrible. No crime was so great as treachery to the state, and terrible and inexorable was the punishment, upon conviction, before the relentless council of ten. The private staircase, by which the three grand inquisitors had access to the dungeons, and, by force or stratagem, obtained from the unfortunate victims self convicting testimony, is also shown; and as you look into its winding dark passages, you almost feel the fatal grasp of their remorseless hands.

We visited several of the most celebrated churches, all having more or less of the interior characteristics of the cathedral, but in better taste. The church of St. Marie Gracioso contains many magnificent monuments, all of marble, with grand sculptures; one of them is surmounted by a statue of a senator, who died centuries ago, which, seen from the pavement, bears a remarkable likeness to Daniel Webster.

The tombs of Titian, the painter, and Canova, the sculptor, are in this church, and opposite each other. They are in the highest style of modern art,—these artists being the special pride of the Venetians. All our movements were made by gondola, that peculiarity and pride of Venice. The long graceful shape, and singular black covering in the center, is well known, but the peculiarity of the whole gondola arrangement cannot be realized without experience. You go about in them just as you would in a private carriage, and the skill of the gondoliers, in threading the mazes of the narrow canals, and among the crowd of gondolas, is wonderful; a London

cabman is nothing to him. On the grand canal, where the way is clear, the swiftness with which they drive their light barks over the water is astonishing. We passed under and over the celebrated bridge of the Rialto; it is still a "place where merchants most do congregate," but they are of the smaller order. Fish, vegetables, provisions, cheap clothing and jewelry, form its chief trade, but it was crowded with the class of people for whom these articles were intended. It is the widest bridge in Venice, and lined on each side with the shops of these dealers.

Towards evening we took a gondola for the public gardens, a distance of more than a mile. The evening was beautiful, and the grounds, when we reached them, quite park-like. A rise of ground in the enclosure, covered with trees, is considered quite an affair, by the Venetians. Our guide proposed to take us to a place near the park where there were some horses, and was quite surprised at our indifference to so great a curiosity. The return to the city, over the smooth waters of the bay, was delightful. The city was lighted up, long rows of lamps on the quay, the numerous lights of the city sparkled upon the dark waters, and the shooting of gondolas in all directions, was a sight long to be remembered. Altogether, the visit to Venice has been in the highest degree interesting, not only for its unique character, but for the stirring and wonderful associations connected with its strange eventful history.

LETTER XXXIV.

Return to Milan—Leave for Turin and Genoa—The Ride and Scenery—Plains of Piedmont—Turin—Palace of the King—Alessandria—Depot and Indian Talk—Plains of Marengo—Genoa—Palaces—Church of the Annunciation—Pallavicino.

GENOA, September 6, 1858.

From Venice we returned to Milan by railway, arriving there in the evening. Having determined to make a short trip to Turin and Genoa, we left Milan early next morning for Ticino, the nearest point of railway to those cities.

The ride in early morning over the smooth perfect roads was very fine. The country still presented the same flat aspect and fertile character as before, the roads were lined with trees, and the whole country, as far as the eye could reach, was cultivated to its utmost capacity. As we approached the plains of Piedmont, the fertility was, if possible, still greater, increased doubtless by the very complete and systematic irrigation; the river beds appeared quite dry, and we soon discovered that their waters were diverted by canals and ditches in all directions, so as to distribute the waters generally over the plains. As we approached Turin by railway, the ground was more undulating, and the great Monte Rosa range of the Alps seemed quite near. We arrived at Turin early in the afternoon, and having but little time to devote to the city, we took a carriage and drove at once to the leading points of attraction.

The city itself is handsomely laid out and very well built, containing a large number of very fine private buildings. The streets are generally lined with trees, giving the city an

attractive appearance, and affording a great variety of beautiful drives. It is the capital of Sardinia, and the residence of the court, and has a large population with considerable business. The palace of the king is one of the finest royal residences we have seen, and fitted up throughout with great elegance and fine taste. The furniture is exceedingly rich, the tapestry and ceilings very gorgeous, and in fine keeping with the palace. The collection of pictures, though not so large as some we have seen, was certainly one of the finest. The view of the gardens from the terraces is very fine; they are very extensive, laid out with excellent taste, and the fountains harmoniously arranged in the midst of the splendid flower-beds. Altogether, the palace is a residence worthy of royalty.

We left early next morning by railway for Genoa, passing through many fine towns, the country teeming with the same aspect of fruitfulness. The city of Alessandria is about midway between the two cities, and being a sort of distributing station for several railways, presented an appearance of crowded activity, much resembling our own large depots. While quietly seated in the cars, it was very amusing to witness the rush of a large crowd of passengers, bound in various directions, talking Italian, French, and German, with great volubility. The occasional questions put to us by passers by, we, of course, could not understand, and answered gravely in Indian. The look of blank astonishment and sudden *vamoses* of the questioners, was very amusing. As we left Alessandria we came upon the plains of Marengo, the scene of one of Napoleon's greatest battles and most decisive victories. It is now very unlike a battle-field; a more quiet, fruitful and highly cultivated district is rarely to be met with. There are

no large towns or villages; all is a scene of apparent fertility; the land is cut up into rather small lots, generally surrounded with young tall poplars, looking very orderly and beautiful.

The road passes through a spur of the Appenines, and is constructed through the mountain pass with great labor and skill. Several long tunnels are cut through the mountains, one of them over two miles long. After passing the summit, the descent is very rapid—engines of a peculiar construction being used for that purpose. Shortly after passing through the last tunnel, the broad expanse of the Mediterranean comes into view, and very soon the tall, tower-like lighthouse of the harbor of Genoa.

On passing through a tunnel cut through the spur of the mountain on which it is built, the grand city of Genoa is suddenly before you. We arrived early in the afternoon, and found good quarters in the Hotel d'Italia, a large building, formerly the palace of the Raggis family, and fronting on the harbor.

The city is finely situated at the head of the Mediterranean, or, as it is called here, the Gulf of Genoa, and ancient as it is, is full of the life and activity of modern commerce. The harbor is in a circular form, protected by moles from each side, having a narrow entrance, and strikes you as being uncommonly small for the business. It was crowded with ships, arranged close together, with no docks except the surrounding quays, and the shipping must be loaded and discharged with lighters. The ground upon which the city is built, is decidedly the most up and down of anything we have yet seen; with the exception of a small portion near the water, it is either a mighty hill or a deep valley. Modern improvements have made some inroads upon this feature; many fine streets having been made in and around the hills, so that nearly all parts of the city are

accessible for carriages—mules and donkeys are, however, in constant use.

The old palaces are the great feature of Genoa, and are truly grand buildings; nearly all accessible to visitors for a fee to the keepers, and containing worlds of splendid pictures and objects of art. We visited several of them, but the labor of rising the almost interminable marble staircases to the upper story, in which are the great show rooms, and the world of fine things which crowd upon your sight, soon exhausts your desire for sights of this kind, especially with the thermometer at ninety. The Balbi palace and that of Andrea Doria, the great idol of Genoese history, are the finest and most interesting we saw. The drives around the city are very fine. From the many high eminences there are splendid views—that from the old ramparts being the best in the city, and that from the great tower light-house the best general view of the city and harbor.

On Sunday we went to several of the churches, always the great feature in Italy. They are similar to those in other cities—containing great treasures in pictures, statuary, and interior ornaments. The great cathedral, although very grand in its interior, bears no comparison with that of Milan. The church of the Annunciation is one of the oldest in the city, and has recently been completely renovated in its interior, and a new front put upon the old walls. It is most gorgeously decorated, the great arches profusely gilded, and with excellent taste. It is the most symmetrical in its interior of any we have seen. The grand nave, the side aisles, the recesses with side altars, and the grand altar, all harmoniously arranged and ornamented. The grand colonnades, of fluted white marble, inlaid with colored marble, all make a picture of interior church architecture rarely surpassed.

The grand promenade of the city is a beautiful, but not large park, filled with trees, fountains, &c., in fine taste. It was crowded towards evening with gay promenaders, and a finer looking assemblage is seldom met. The Genoese ladies retain the national white veil, which is pinned to the back of the head, falling gracefully over the shoulders and back, leaving the face fully exposed, and with the extreme neatness of their costume, certainly make a charming and attractive appearance. The occasional Parisian turn out, with a great spread of crinoline, and sprawling long dress, was the exception to the rule, and only served to enhance the beauty of the prevailing costume.

On Monday, we took the cars for the palace and grounds of Pallavicina at Pegli, about nine miles from the city, on the banks of the Mediterranean. The road passed along the borders of the sea, affording fine views of its broad expanse, and of the numerous shipyards and fishing-stations along the shores. The grounds of the palace are free to the public, on application at the proper office in Genoa, and are one of the great resorts of the Genoese. The gardens and palace are at the foot, or rather at the lower part of a high hill or mountain, of a circular form, covered with natural trees and shrubbery, and, with the exception of an occasional temple and tower seen through the trees, as it is approached, gives no indication of the great expenditure in its improvement. Each party of visitors is provided with an attendant, who conducts them quite through. The entrance is through a long walk lined with orange and other choice trees, along various winding paths, and several beautiful temples and arches, all of splendid workmanship, and embellished with exquisite statuary. The path winds up the mountain by easy stages, but tiresome for its length, until you finally reach the summit, where there

is a large circular tower and terrace, commanding a sweeping and grand view of the sea, the city and harbor, and the surrounding landscape. Upon descending by another path, about half way down the mountain, we were suddenly conducted to a grotto cut in the solid rock, and its interior formed entirely of stalactites. This grotto is certainly the finest exhibition of labor and skill of this character in the world. You pass through its windings and side passages, sometimes in almost total darkness, in a maze of astonishment that such an enormous grotto, composed entirely of stalactites, in the most natural positions, could have been the work of human hands. You finally come to water, and see through the openings a boat with a man in it, looking, in the dim light, like a veritable Charon. You are conducted to the boat, and are rowed around the wonderful structure for some time, and finally emerge into a beautiful lake, in the midst of which is a white marble temple, with superb statuary, and the shores lined with little temples and arbors in the Turkish, Chinese, and other picturesque styles. A more enchanting and fairy-like scene cannot be imagined. You are rowed about for a considerable time in little bays and passages, and finally landed in a charming little temple and garden, filled with choice flowers. A register is there kept for visitors to record their names, and a delightful resting place it is.

One of the freaks of the wealthy proprietor is a secret system of water jets, and the visitor, in walking about in the various temples and grounds, is suddenly met with a jet of water in his face, or upon his person, from some unexpected and undiscoverable source. A large party of Italians of both sexes were present, and the frequent victimizing of individuals in this way, afforded great amusement, and the grounds resounded with screams of laughter. One of our party came in

for a share, which was the occasion of special fun for the merry and good-tempered party.

The gardens near the palace are arranged with great splendor, supplied with every plant and flower which wealth and fine taste could command—orange trees in profusion, covered with fruit, coffee, cinnamon, pimento, banana, and, in fact, every variety of tropical fruits and rare plants, and, in the covered houses, pine-apples, fully ripe, and beautiful plants in boundless profusion.

The whole affair was got up by the wealthy owner at an expense amounting altogether to nearly a million of dollars, and is open to visitors every day except Sunday, for a moderate gratuity to the attendants.

Our journey has now reached its limit, and we shall return homewards by the way of the Pass of St. Gotthard, Lake Lucerne, and the valley of the Rhine.

LETTER XXXV.

Statue of St. Charles Borromeo—Pass of St. Gotthard—Devil's Bridge—Fluelen—Lake Lucerne—Chapel of Tell—Grutli—Monument to the Swiss Guards—Ascent of the Mountains—Alpine Horn—The Sunrise.

LUCERNE, Switzerland, Sept. 11, 1858.

From Genoa we took the railway direct to Arona, at the foot of Lake Maggiore, and steamer through the entire length of the lake to Magadino, where we passed another beautiful night on the banks of the charming lake. Near Arona is the gigantic statue of St. Charles Borromeo, situated on a point of land overlooking the lake. This statue is sixty feet in height, standing on a pedestal forty feet high, making a total of one hundred feet. He is represented in his cardinal's robes, with extended hands, not by any means a beautiful statue, but remarkable for its singularity and immense size; it is a striking and prominent landmark for the lower part of the lake.

From Magadino we took a carriage to cross the Alps, by the pass of St. Gotthard. The ride through the valley was very similar to that through the valley on the Italian side of the Simplon, and brought us, at the end of the first day, to Faido, a village at the termination of the vine growth in the valley. Near this village is one of the finest cascades we have seen in Switzerland, abounding as it does in waterfalls. A short distance beyond Ariolo, the direct mountain pass commences, the road being the most tortuous we have yet seen. A series of twenty-eight terraces, of unequal length, brings you at last to the top, making a steady pull of three hours, and when it is finally reached you have hardly progressed a mile, in a

straight line, of your journey. On the top is a hospice, as is usual on all the passes, but this one seemed little more than an ordinary tavern. Near it are several little lakes, some of which discharge their waters into Lake Maggiore in Italy, and others into Lake Lucerne in Switzerland.

The descent is an agreeable contrast to the slow, heavy drag of the ascent. A brisk trot is kept up all the way, and the road, though not as perfect as the Simplon, is yet astonishing for its perfection, and the skillful engineering exhibited in its construction. The pass called the Devil's Bridge is the grandest point on the route, and exhibits the greatest skill and labor in its construction. The mountains are of immense height, and almost perpendicular; the road is cut for some distance through the mountain, and for a still greater distance along its side; the immense height of the mountain above, and the tremendous gulf below, through which the roaring torrent forces its way, makes it one of the grandest scenes in all the Alps. The old narrow bridge, which gives name to the pass, is still there, apparently as perfect as ever, and not more than six or eight feet wide, without parapets or protection of any kind, and was for years the only method of passing the great gulf. And yet this wild region was the scene of the fiercest fights between the French and Austrians in 1799; and it was through this pass that Suwarrow made his celebrated expedition for the relief of his allies,—which is only remarkable for the endurance of fatigue and hunger, without any valuable result, or exhibition of generalship. We arrived at Fluelen, a village at the head of Lake Lucerne, in the evening. In the morning we took the steamer for Lucerne, a trip which occupied some three hours. This celebrated lake is conceded to be the most beautiful in Switzerland, a position we cannot dispute. The head of the lake, called the Bay of Uri, is

surrounded with high mountains, coming almost straight down into the water, high snowy peaks being in plain sight, and apparently very near. The water is dark green, very clear and deep, and although the lake is subject to sudden and violent storms from the mountains, was beautifully smooth the day we passed over. It is a succession of bays, filling up the space between the mountains, and a very small part of it is in sight at one time. The lake is full of historical interest connected with Swiss history.

Near Fluellen is the chapel of William Tell, erected on the spot where he sprang ashore from the boat, thus escaping from the tyrant Gessler. At Grutli, a small space of sloping ground at the foot of the mountains, is the spot recognized as the place where the three conspirators met to concert plans for the deliverance of their country from Austrian domination. These men were Werner Stauffhausen, of Scheiwtz, Arnold Anterhalden, of Underwalden, and Walter Furst, of Uri,—names now canonized with William Tell in Swiss history.

Lucerne is beautifully situated at the foot of the lake, the range of the Alps being in full view, and contains many fine buildings and interesting antiquities. The monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards, who fell in defence of Louis XVI. of France, is the most interesting sight in the town. It is in the gardens of General Pfyffer, designed by Thorwaldsen, and executed by a Swiss artist. The design is a wounded lion, with the deadly spear in its side, and in his dying gasp still protecting with his paws a shield bearing the fleur de lis of the Bourbons. The figure is carved in the perpendicular face of a high rock of light colored sand stone, and is twenty-eight feet in length. It is one of the finest works of art we have seen, and its surroundings in that quiet, romantic garden, makes it one of the most impressive.

We were delayed in starting on the excursion to the Rigi until late in the afternoon, but as the weather looked favorable, we determined to make the ascent that night.

We left Lucerne about four o'clock, by carriage, and reached Kussnacht, the foot of the mountain, about six, there taking horses and guides. The ascent occupies three hours, and consequently full half of it was made after dark. We obtained a splendid view of the setting sun as we ascended, the stars came out with unusual brightness, which, with our excellent horses and trusty guides, made the ascent much less formidable than we anticipated. We arrived at the hotel on the top in good time, and had a fine view of the numerous surrounding lakes, which showed very distinctly by the clear starlight. The lights in the towns and villages in all directions made a beautiful appearance.

At the first glimmer of daylight, we were on our feet, and were rejoiced to find a clear atmosphere. The whole company in the house were soon aroused by the Alpine horn, blown through all the halls and passages, the sound of which is a cross between the scream of a peacock and the bray of a jackass; it was effectual, however, and the whole of the large company were soon gathered on the culm, or round top, in front of the hotel. The morning proved to be one of the finest of the whole season, and the sight well repaid us for our night journey. The light came slowly and beautifully, tinting the fleecy mists with the delicate and ever-changing colors of the rainbow, the sunlight first touching the distant snowy peaks of the Bernese Alps, and lighting up in succession the boundless range of the Alpine peaks, until the whole glistened in the bright sunshine. Soon it reached the culm, where the crowd of spectators of both sexes were distributed around,

which, in the great variety of positions and costumes, added greatly to the picturesqueness of the scene.

The valleys were concealed from view by the masses of white clouds far below us, like a great sea of snow, amidst which the higher points of land projected like beautiful green islands. The clouds gradually dissipated at some points, bringing into view glimpses of towns and fruitful fields, while the lakes were distinctly marked out by the white cloudy sea which rested over them. We enjoyed this magnificent scene for nearly two hours, and after a good breakfast at the hotel, proceeded down the mountain by the path to Weggis, on Lake Lucerne. The paths are all well worn, as the mountain is a great fashionable resort for tourists. The descent was easy but long, affording a constant succession of mountain and valley scenery.

The clouds still remained over the lakes, and as we passed through them, the lake and surrounding villages came into view — a beautiful and striking scene — in fine contrast with the magnificent mountain scenery above. A large number of tourists, of both sexes, came down at the same time with us, mostly on foot, and as they were scattered along the winding mountain path, added to the beauty of the scene. As all were in fine spirits at the fortunate result of the excursion, a clear morning being scarcely an average of one in five, the sides of the mountain echoed with shouts, and the Alpine songs of the guides and mountaineers we met on the way. A short ride by steamer brought us safely back to Lucerne.

LETTER XXXVI.

Bale—Heidelberg—Wolfsbrunnen—Frankfort-on-the-Maine—Guttenberg—Faust and Schaeffer—Statue of Goethe—The Rhine—Cologne—"Genuine Article"—Cathedral—Brussels
Post Coaches—Paris.

PARIS, September 18, 1858.

From Lucerne we proceeded by railway to Bale, arriving there in the evening. It is the largest town in Switzerland, and appears to be a place of considerable business. It is built on both sides of the Rhine, which is here a broad, clear stream, but too rapid for navigation. There are many interesting sights and historical associations connected with the city, but we were unable to spend any considerable time there. The cathedral is a fine specimen of ancient architecture, and remarkable as being now a protestant church, with the old monuments in the interior, and the singular quaint statuary and ornaments of the exterior remaining undisturbed. The streets are quite clean and full of fountains, some of them in very fine taste, and some with singularly grotesque carvings and statuary.

From Bale we took the railway for Heidelberg, passing through the valley of the Rhine, which is here in the Duchy of Baden, and is cultivated like a continuous garden. We passed through many handsome towns and villages, but made no stops. The tall, beautiful, open work, gothic tower of the cathedral at Freyburg, is an attractive feature in that ancient town. We reached Heidelberg in the evening, and spent the night in that ancient but beautifully situated city. In the morning we had a delightful ride on the banks of the river, visiting the Wolfsbrunnen, from thence to the ruins of the old castle, and highly enjoyed the splendid views from its battlements; it is decidedly the finest castle ruin we have visited, as

well as the most extensive. Its history abounds with stirring historical events, having been ten times besieged, and three times destroyed by fire. The last fire was occasioned by lightning, and it was never repaired. A portion of the central part is still in good condition, and is occupied by a picture gallery and museum, which is exceedingly interesting. The pictures are mostly portraits, but possess great historic interest. The whole race of the dukes of Baden are here, and many others of persons better known to the world. Original portraits of Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa, Mary Queen of Scots, Martin Luther, and Erasmus are there, with innumerable others. A small portrait of Luther and his wife, and a picture of the head of Mary Queen of Scots, after her execution, will attract special attention. There is also a large collection of antiquities gathered in and about the castle.

From Heidelberg we proceeded direct to Frankfort-on-the-Maine, a city full of the life and activity of trade, in striking contrast with the old town we left in the morning. It is one of the finest cities on the continent, its crowded streets looking like the great business streets of London or New York, with an aspect of thrift and prosperity quite refreshing. The environs are exceedingly beautiful. Long, wide avenues surround the city, full of noble trees, and lined with splendid private residences, in excellent taste and embellished with shrubbery and flowers in the highest perfection of German art. The whole city is a noble specimen of the results of prosperous trade, combined with high cultivation. The group of statuary of Guttenburg, Faust and Schaeffer, erected in commemoration of the discovery of the art of printing, is a noble monument, finely conceived and elegantly executed. The colossal statue of Goethe, who was a native of this city, is near by, and is certainly one of the finest figures ever cast

in bronze. The pedestal, which is also of bronze, has, on all of the four sides, splendid bas-reliefs of designs from his works.

An hour's ride by railway, brought us to the Rhine at Mayence, where we took the steamer for Cologne. The boat was small, quite inferior in its accommodations, and crowded with passengers. The scenery of the Rhine is familiar to all tourists, as well as to all who ever see pictures. As a river, it is not superior to the Hudson, and quite inferior to the St. Lawrence and upper Mississippi. Its interest consists in the profusion of ancient towns and castles on its banks. The number and variety of ruined castles is amazing; in the high mountainous passage, nearly every headland and mountain top has its ruined castle or fortification, in infinite variety of form and picturesqueness of position. The dinner-table was set on deck, to allow passengers to enjoy the views while going through the interminable forms of that important duty in Germany.

We arrived at Cologne in the evening, too late to see much of the city, and left too early in the morning to give it much attention. A walk out in the evening demonstrated the truthfulness of the epithet of a "city of vile smells," enabling one to appreciate the value of Eau de Cologne, the "genuine article" of which is advertised in all directions. Every traveler is bound at least to buy one bottle, for which he pays double the price for an article inferior to that made by William Coleman in Buffalo. We had time in the morning to visit the celebrated unfinished cathedral, commenced six hundred years ago, and now being pushed forward to completion with unwonted vigor. It is magnificent in its present condition, the contrast between the old dilapidated tower, covered with ivy, the tops with bushes almost as large as trees, and the bright new work now in progress, being very striking.

It is estimated that it will be completed in twenty-four years, and at a cost of four millions of dollars. A large number of workmen are constantly employed, and the workshops and yards are full of splendid carved stone-work for the new tower.

Our next route was to Brussels, in Belgium, a fine, well-built city, but having a great desire to imitate Paris, and rather glorying in being called "le petite Paris." There are many fine buildings, and boulevards, lined with showy shops. The great park is finely laid out, filled with noble trees and ornamented with fountains and statuary. The fountains are very well, but the statuary was the most mediocre, incongruous, and ill-arranged of any we have seen. A bronze equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, the great crusader, who was a native of this city, is in striking contrast with this. It is in the Palais Royal, in front of our hotel, and is a splendid and life like work of art. Brussels is the great resort of English tourists, who feel bound to make a pilgrimage to the field of Waterloo, some nine miles distant. The first paper that was put into our hands, was an advertisement of a line of English post-coaches, owned by Englishmen and driven by English coachmen. As we began to care more about seeing Buffalo than any other place in the world, we declined taking seats, much to the surprise of the agent, who thought that everybody who spoke English should go. We told him we would be more likely to go if we spoke the language of Blucher, whose timely arrival decided the fate of that memorable day, which *dissipated* the agent with ill-concealed disgust.

From Brusse's we proceeded direct to Paris, passing through many places of great interest, but was overborne in our desire to stop by the greater desire to bring our continental journey to a close, and prepare for the ocean trip homewards. We

reached Paris on the evening of the 16th, and after passing the usual vexatious custom-house gauntlet, were soon comfortably located in our old quiet quarters in the Rue Chateaubriand.

CONCLUSION.

Our few remaining days in Paris were spent in revisiting the numerous points and objects of interest with which we were already somewhat familiar. Paris is certainly the most fascinating of cities, and as a place for the indulgence of refined taste and elegant leisure, is unsurpassed by any other city in the world. Its municipal government and police discipline is perfect—extending to the most minute details. The order and cleanliness of the principal avenues and thoroughfares, is remarkable; they are kept clean *all the time*; no dirt is suffered to accumulate, the dust is kept down by hand water-carts, and mud is unknown. All this is done quietly, and without exciting any special attention.

The splendid avenues of the Champ Elysee, leading to the grand arch of triumph, and thence to the Bois de Boulogne, are at all times full of horses and vehicles, yet no disorder is ever seen, and the dirt which it would seem *must* accumulate, is gathered up and carried off without any interruption in the unceasing stream of vehicles.

The roadways in all the great thoroughfares are similar to our macadam roads, but made with great care, and when completed, resemble a smooth fine gravel road. The old stone

pavements have been removed from all the leading avenues, and this most perfect and beautiful of roadways substituted. The ease of riding over them, and the absence of the heavy rumble of the old system, is very delightful. A ride through the city on the outside seat of an omnibus, on a fine day, is a great enjoyment. The Boulevards are broad avenues extending in an irregular circular form from the Madeleine Church, near the Place de la Concorde, to the Place de Bastille, and are constantly full of people, drawn thither by business or pleasure. The roadways appear to be full one hundred feet wide, and the sidewalks perhaps half that width. They are lined on both sides with showy shops and splendid cafés, which seem to be always filled with well-dressed and cheerful-looking people. The side walks in front of the cafés are covered to the edge with little tables and chairs for their customers, barely leaving a passage-way in the centre, and these are on every fine afternoon and evening filled with people of both sexes, enjoying themselves in the indulgence of the light simple refreshments in universal use.

A walk or ride through the Boulevards, in a fine summer evening, is exceedingly delightful. The shops and cafés are brilliantly lighted, especially the latter; the street is full of carriages, and the side walks and cafés with polite and courteous people; no crowding, jostling or loud talking, and you pass through the great crowd with perfect safety and freedom from interference. The police system is no doubt extremely strict and all-pervading, and a vigilant surveillance is kept upon the movements and habits of foreigners; but those who visit Paris for private purposes, and neither interfere with or comment upon the affairs of government, are perfectly safe, and may follow the bent of their humor, or attend to any

legitimate business, without the slightest interference or consciousness of observation.

The regulations in regard to trade, conveyances, and all the various details which would otherwise embarrass strangers, are very complete. Paris has become the great bazaar of Europe, and its retail trade must be enormous. Fancy articles, jewelry, and works of art and taste are to be found in unequalled profusion and variety. The throngs of visitors which are constantly there from all quarters of the civilized world, are all purchasers to greater or less degree.

You may be overcharged, but you are rarely cheated. The article offered is what it is represented, your purchases are regularly delivered to your hotel, and the bills correctly made. Any error which may happen to occur, is promptly and cheerfully corrected, and any attempt at deception or fraud is summarily corrected by an appeal to the police. The number of jewelry shops is astonishing, and the display at the windows magnificent. The Palais Royal is the great centre for this trade, but the Boulevards, Rue Rivoli, and Rue la Paix are full of shops devoted to this attractive and doubtless profitable trade. The police regulations in this department are very stringent. Every dealer in imitation articles is required to have a plain sign in a conspicuous place, and his business cards must have a police stamp stating the fact, and these requirements are enforced under heavy penalties. It is therefore, only necessary for the purchaser to have a fair knowledge of the value of the articles offered for sale, to make Paris the best market for purchasing every description of jewelry and fancy articles.

The wholesale trade of Paris is also very large, and is carried on in what might be called the more obscure part of

the city, or rather those parts which are not great thoroughfares. In passing through those parts of the city, and seeing the large warehouses filled with goods, embracing every description of merchandise, and for which Paris appears to be the great distributing depot for Europe, you see one of the sources of its commercial prosperity, and a great element of its local wealth.

For the last few years the prosperity of the city has been unexampled. Trade of all kinds has largely increased under the fostering and stable policy adopted by the existing government, and if not overturned by a new revolution, its trade must continue to increase to an unlimited extent. This is made evident by the great increase of rents for every description of city property, which is said to have doubled within the last two years.

Great improvements are constantly being made, new broad avenues are being cut through the old crowded parts of the city, which are speedily lined with splendid rows of tall, solid looking buildings. Improvements in the public grounds and gardens, also keep pace with other improvements. The new Louvre is on a magnificent scale, and constructed in a style of grand and solid elegance. The old palace of the Tuilleries is being completely renovated, and the great improvements of the gardens, now nearly completed, and just thrown open to the public, are in superb taste and perfect execution. A walk in these gardens on a fine afternoon, is one of the great attractions of Paris. It is full of well-dressed people, mostly ladies, with swarms of children in the most beautiful and fanciful dresses, frolicking about with joyous freedom, but under the easy discipline of neatly-dressed and tidy-looking nursery maids. The gardens of the Louvre, the Luxembourg,

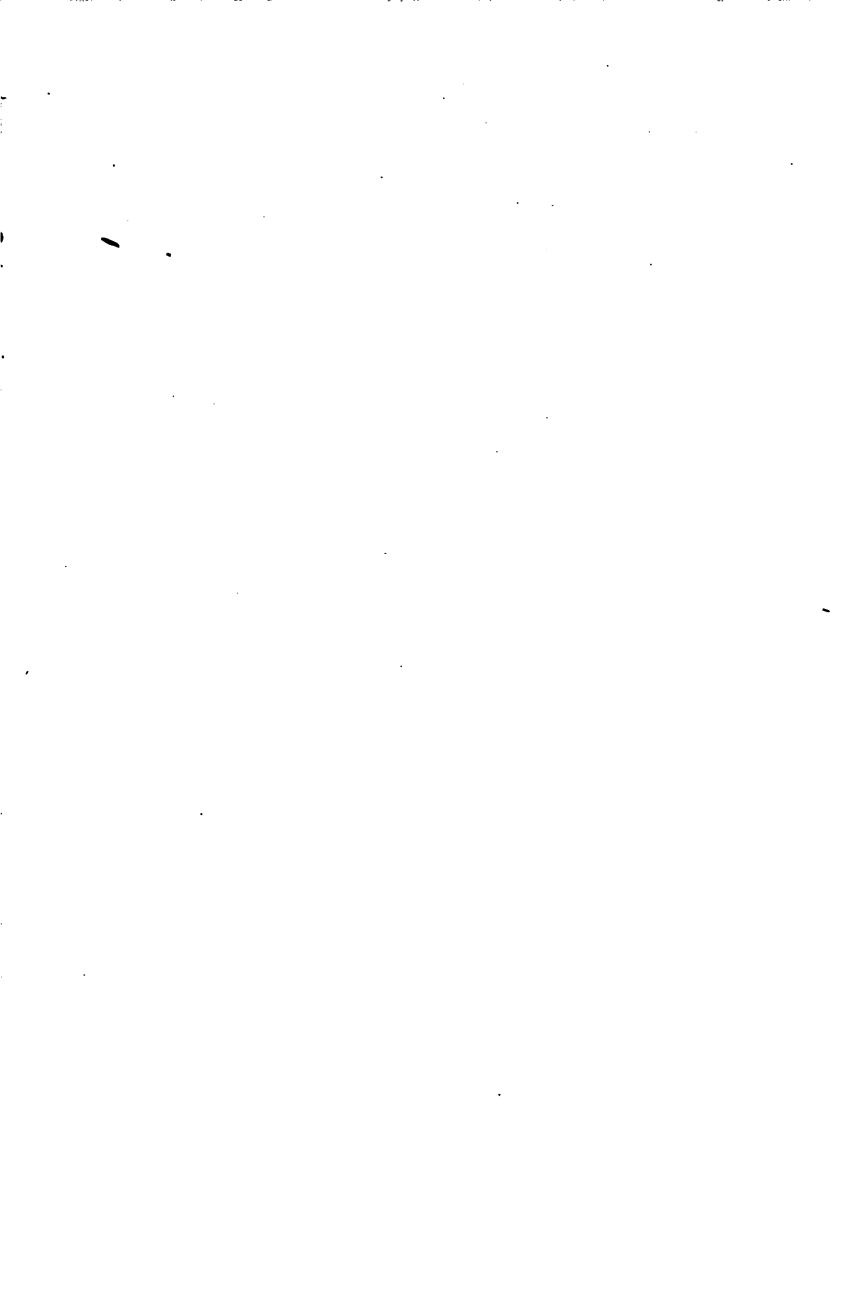
and the Champs Elysee are also great resorts, and for the same reasons are exceedingly attractive.

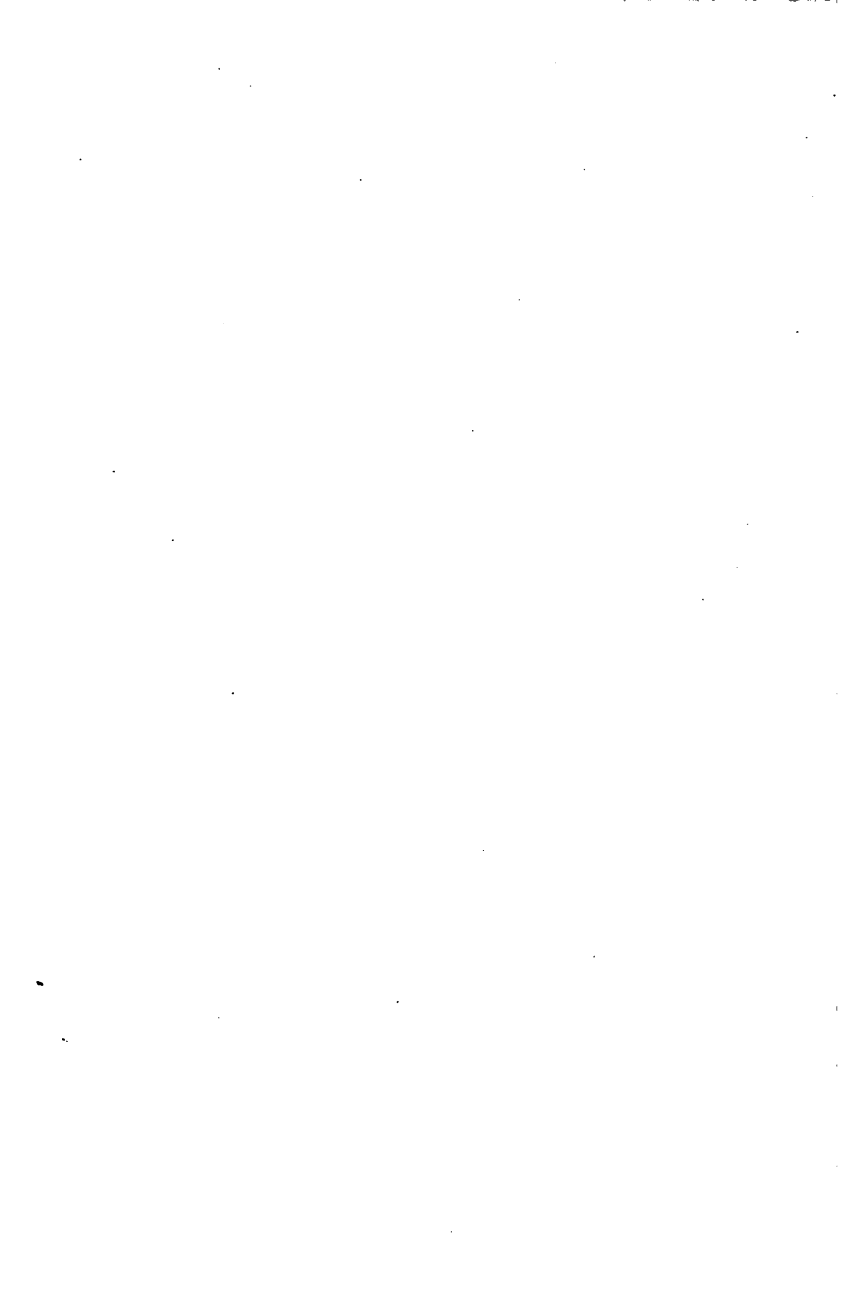
We left Paris on the 27th October on our return homeward. The distance from Paris to Havre by railway is about one hundred and forty miles, and is reached in seven hours. We passed through several towns where we would have been glad to stop, but the attractions of Paris kept us there till the last moment. The old and famous city of Rouen looked, from the railway, just as it was expected to look, and we were with great regret compelled to content ourselves with a partial and unsatisfactory glimpse of its grand old towers.

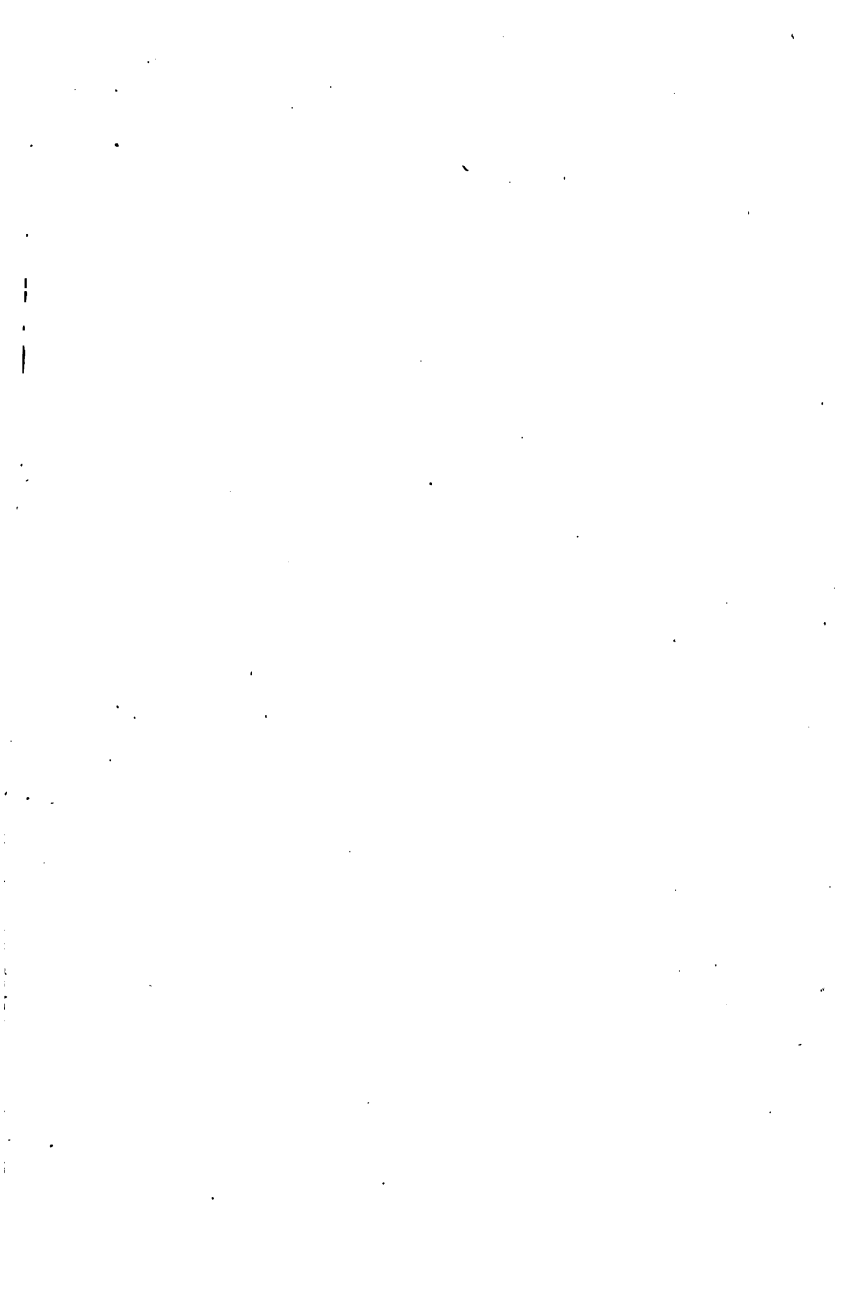
Havre is a mere port of entry, with no attractions, except in a commercial relation, which are very great. We sailed the same evening in the steamer North Star, which we found a staunch, comfortable, and well-ordered ship. The season of the year was unpropitious for the homeward trip, and we had strong head winds and heavy weather for the greater part of the voyage.

We were landed safely and without accident in New York on the 13th October, thus completing our journey within the time to which we were limited, and with a success and freedom from serious discomfort and accident which is rarely accomplished by inexperienced tourists. The result calls for sincere gratitude to an overruling Providence which has brought us safely through our long journey, and to our family and friends, with improved health and pleasing recollections of our delightful tour, and of the many new and agreeable acquaintances we have formed.

THE END.









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